

THE PARADOX



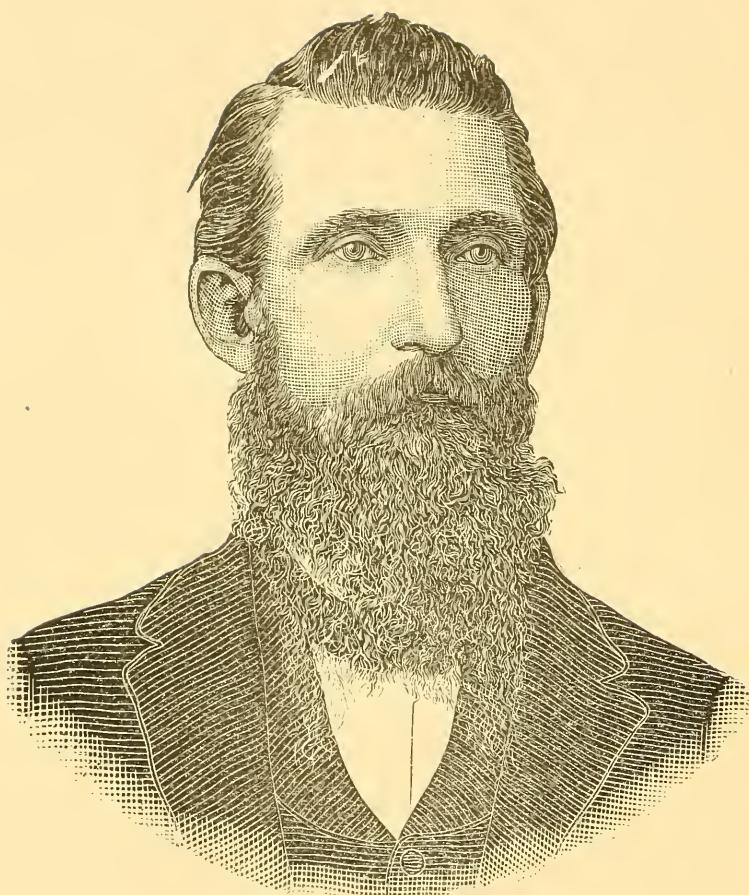
AND
OTHER POEMS

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Lawrence W. Scott

THE
PARADOX
AND
OTHER POEMS.

BY
LAURENCE W. SCOTT,

AUTHOR OF

“HAND-BOOK OF CHRISTIAN EVIDENCE,” “THE DEVIL;
HIS ORIGIN AND OVERTHROW,” ETC.

CHICAGO:
DONOHUE & HENNEBERRY, 1893.



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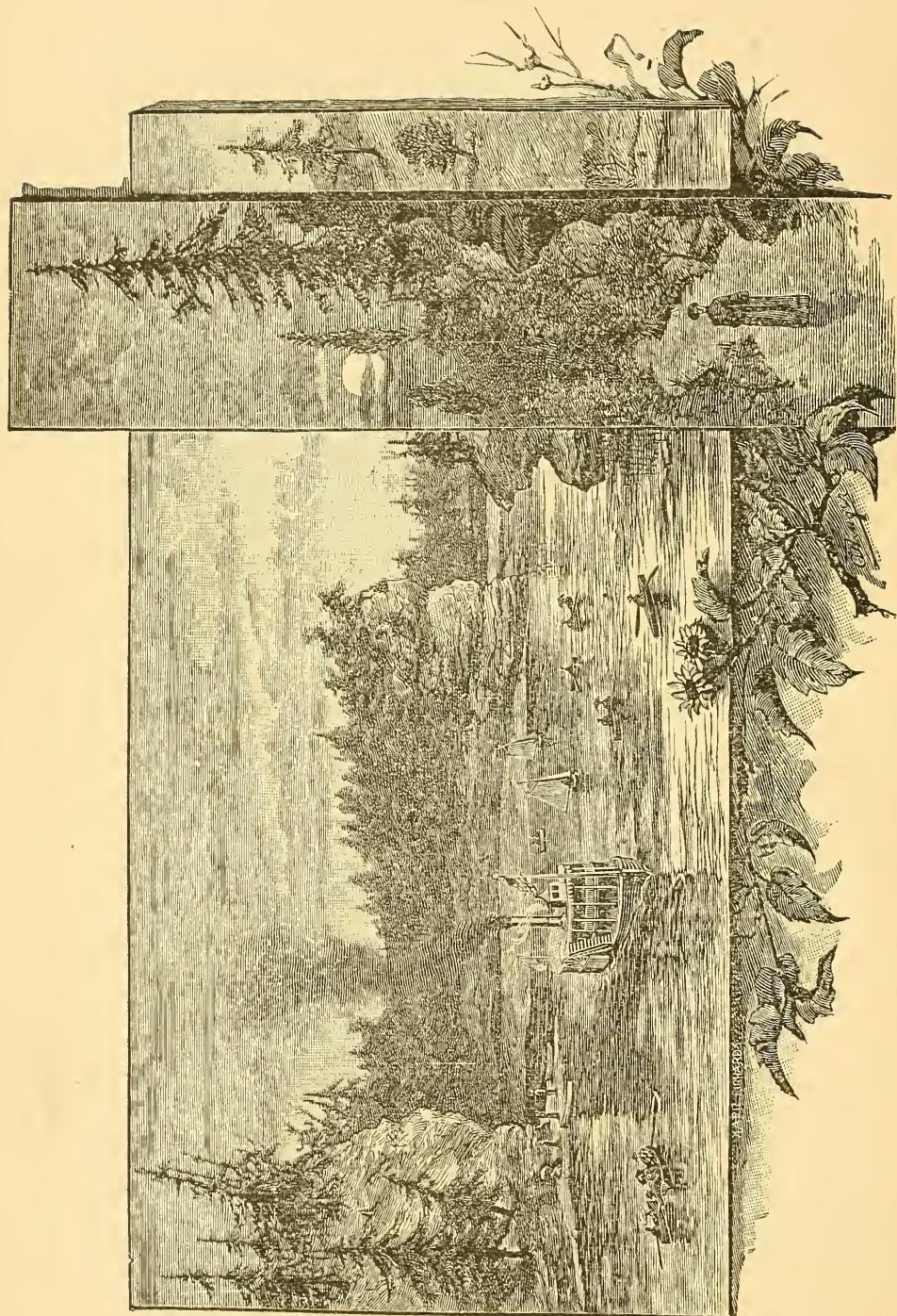
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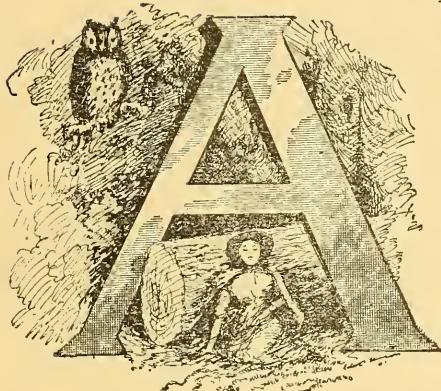
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INTRODUCTION.



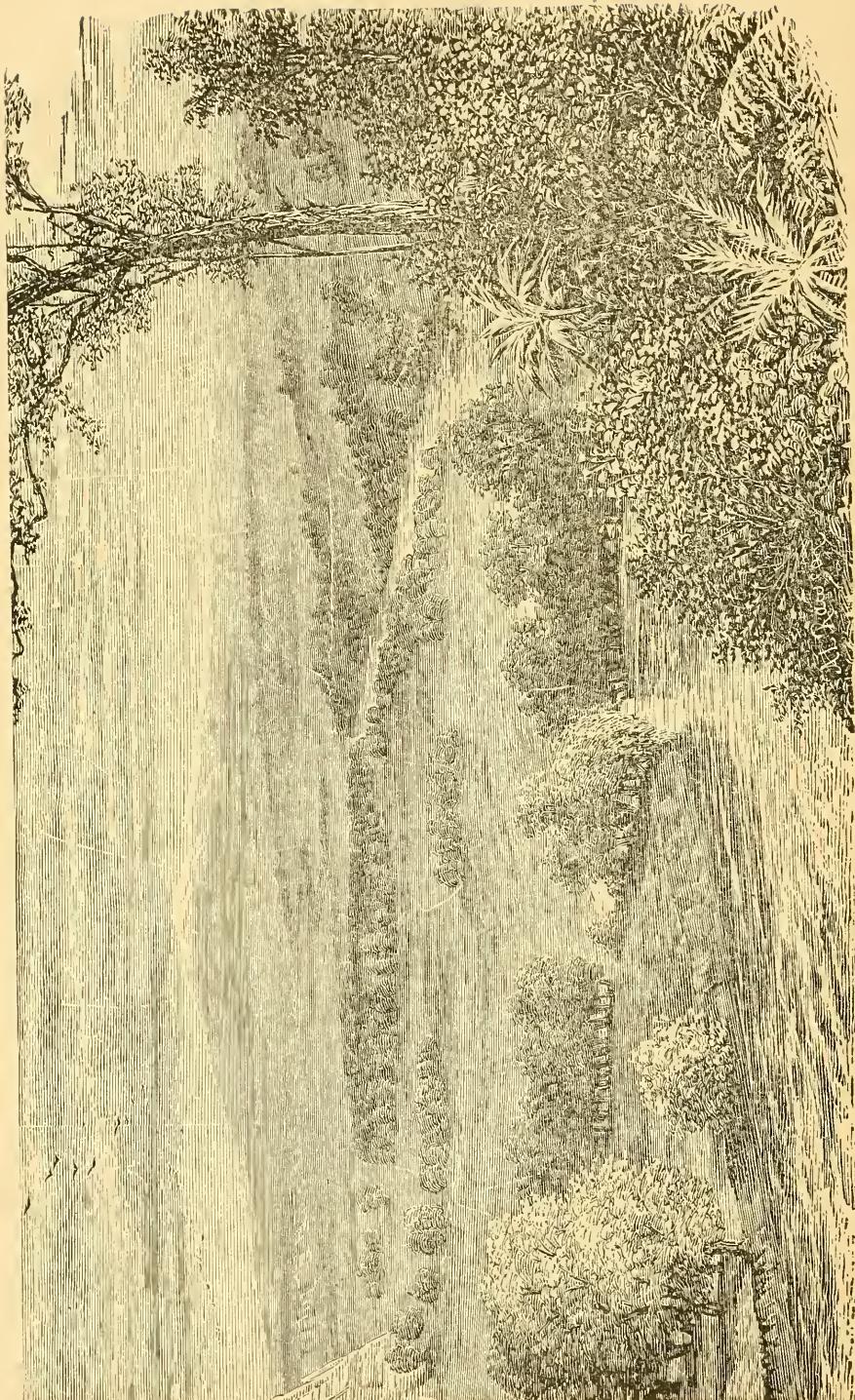
WONDERFUL sea is the ocean Time,
A wonderful sound is the sphere's sweet chime,
A wonderful torch is the poet's rhyme,
A light along the shore !

Homer and Virgil will ne'er be forgot,
Immortal are Milton and Walter Scott,
The flame of Byron shines when he is not,
A light along the shore !

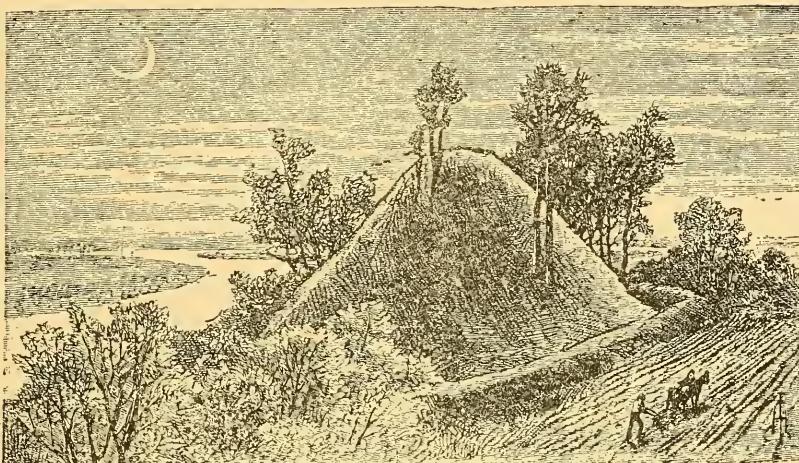
While man has feeling heart or moving tongue,
The hymns of Watts and Wesley will be sung,
And Shakespeare's torch a beacon will be hung,
A light along the shore !

And time would fail to tell of Pope and Burns,
The meed of praise the humbler poet earns,
Or bards without number that shine by turns,
A light along the shore !

Yet I attune my harp and sing my song,
And take my place to rearward of the throng,
Which brightly scintillating moves along,
A light along the shore !



THE PARADOX



PART I.

THE MOOTED QUESTION.

COME listen all unto my rhyme
About the beasts of every clime,
And birds of every hue and
feather

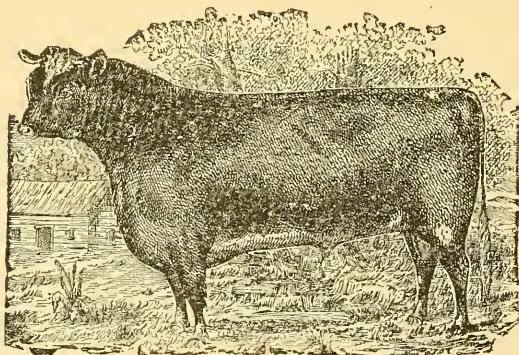
Which once in time convened together,
In lovely spot by river side,
A mooted question to decide.
Assembled there, the beasts of prey,
Who made a truce just for a day:
And first, the lion, king of beasts,
Who on his subjects often feasts !

In shaggy locks his mane doth lie,
When cruel trade he does not ply;
But when he bounds upon his prey,
Ferocious look ! Ah, “ well-a-day ! ”
His voice in forest wild to hear,
Does fill the bravest heart with fear !
For when he lifts that voice on high,
Resembling thunder in the sky,
The sound upon the air does pour,
Like waterfall or cannon’s roar !
To stand before him and behold
That eye so brave ! that look so bold !
Would terrify the bravest knight
That ever drew the sword in fight !
The tiger, too, with snow-white teeth—
In upper jaw, and jaw beneath—
Sharp teeth, well set in sockets strong,
Stands there amid the motley throng,
With claws as sharp as pruning-hooks !
How wicked, fierce, and mad he looks !
Such bloody looks ! such cruel eyes !
Who can behold and not despise ?
There is the wolf—old howling Ruin !
And by him stands old growling Bruin—
There are the various kinds of cats,
Down e’en to those which feast on rats—
Wild mountain cats and catamounts !
Domestic kits that frisk and flounce.
The whole *cat*-alogue—there before thee—
All the *cats* in the *cat*-egory !
There, too, the rats and little mice

Come freely forth like sportsman's dice !
They gently play with kitten's paws,
Although in reach of Pussy's claws !
Behold, there stands old Reynard Fox,
Looking as meek as patient ox !
He does not now display his cunning ;
He is not now 'fore greyhound running.
There, too, with long, clean-shaven tail,
Opossum sits on end of rail.
The screaming panther next we see,
As gentle now as he can be !
And now we see on end of plank,
Ichneumon long and weasel lank.
There, too, the dog, who loves the chase,
Comes marching in and takes a place—
All sorts of dogs, of every fur,
From greyhound swift to common cur.
Carnivorous beasts, or beasts of prey,
Were not alone on that great day:
There were those of the peaceful kind,
Like pleasant roe and merry hind ;
And, chief among the noble band,
The elephant great, and large, and grand !
But chief in size, I meant to say,
For chief, in truth, the horse does neigh !
Behold, how fine and sleek his look—
With pleasant curve his neck does crook.
Ah ! see what mettle in his eye—
His lofty head—he holds it high !
And when you mount to take a ride,
Your heart expands and swells with pride.

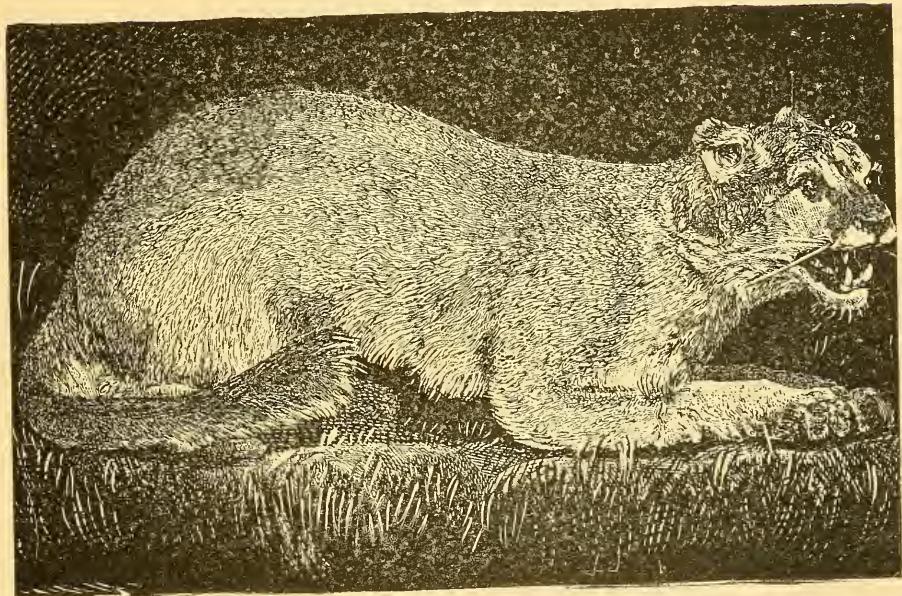
THE PARADOX,

The horse begins to prance and play—
 But, hark! I heard his kinsman bray !
 This old long-eared and stubborn Jack
 To meet the beasts has left the rack.
 If e'er Creator felt remorse,
 'Twas when he made this burlesque horse.
 If e'er he made such work beside,
 'Twas when he made his long-eared bride.
 Hark ! hark ! I heard a cow-bell rattle—
 Behold, there comes a drove of cattle.



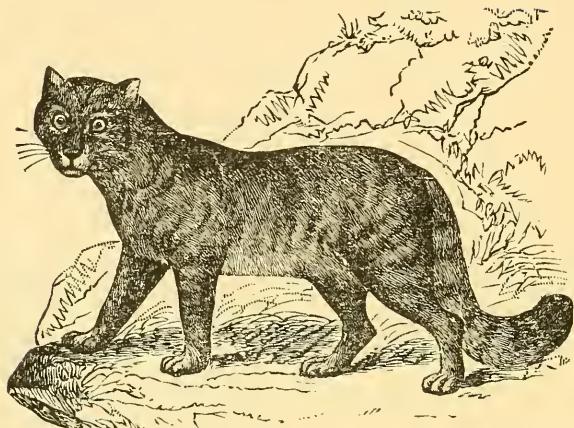
There's Monsieur Boss, and Madame Cow—
 One does bellow, the other bow.
 A flock of white and one black sheep
 Comes marching slowly down the steep;
 Old ewes and rams, and frisking lambs !
 With bleatings solemn like the Psalms.
 Next Mr. Goat, with bearded face,
 And dignified bow, takes his place ;
 And by his side we see a kid,
 Whose playful look cannot be hid.

All sorts of squirrels—red, black and gray—
Among the boughs are seen to play.
The common rabbit and the hare,
And mule-eared rabbits, too, are there.
Among them all we see the 'coon,
The ape, the monkey, and baboon ;
Prominent, too, among the gang,
There stands the old orang-outang !



(These animals, you are aware,
Should all be treated with great care,
For Mr. Darwin and some others
Esteem them fathers—if not brothers !
The monkey, baboon, and the ape,
Possessing something like our shape,

With Darwinites it is a sin
To fail to claim them as our kin !



Then there were present creeping things,
And little insects on their wings—
Among the rest, back-biting fleas,
And many useful honey-bees !
Greater in size, but not in skill,
The “bumble-bee” his place does fill.
The wasp and hornet make some racket,
And with them flies the yellow-jacket.
On those things I forbear to dwell,
And of the fowls proceed to tell.
The eagle on the eye does burst,
And must, of course, be mentioned first ;
For not a bird in air or sky
Spreads wing so long, or soars so high !
The eagle is the emblem of our Columbian home,
As once it was the ensign of ancient, mighty Rome.
An able writer, Neal, the poet,

Has eagle sense, and tries to show it:
“The bird of our banner, the free bird that
braves,
When the battle is there, all the wrath of the
waves;
That dips her pinions in the sun’s first gush;
Drinks his meridian blaze, his farewell flush;
Sits amid stirring stars, and bends her beak,
Like the slipped falcon, when her piercing shriek
Tells that she stoops upon her cleaving wing,
To drink at some new victim’s clear, red spring.”
She’s a mighty bird, any way you’ll take her,
But not quite so great as Mr. Neal would make
her:
For he says, “She *slumbers* in the night,
Upon the lofty air peak’s utmost height;
Or *sleeps upon the wing*, amid the ray
Of steady, cloudless, everlasting day!”
But then he contradicts it all,
And says she never sleeps at all;
But “Sails around the skies and o’er the rolling
deep,
With still unwearied wing, and eye that *never
sleeps*.”
This stately queen of birds of prey
Is present on this peaceful day,
And fast asleep, or wide awake,
A high position she does take;
Perched upon a lofty crag,
With proudest look and boastful brag!
And bends her beak, as if to say,

“ I'll only rest a single day—
Let not the fowls fall out and fight,
Or I shall surely show my might!
If blood be shed by bird or beast,
I shall surely grace the feast—
If even one proves a sinner,
I will have a sumptuous dinner.”
But there's no need of any threats,
For not a fowl his talons whets—
No rapine bird shows cruel claws,
Nor bloody beast shakes sanguine paws.
Though a thousand birds are on the wing,
They merry chirp or sweetly sing !
While all the beasts here before us
Join with joy to swell the chorus.
So peaceful the owl and hawk to see,
It looks a little like mockery !
While cormorant and cockatoo
Pleasantly play with kangaroo !
Sing all the birds the boughs among,
As when in Eden's bowers they sung ;
Or as they once did all embark,
By God's command, in Noah's ark.
Hear the red-bird, with voice so sweet,
See oriole, with shape so neat ;
Behold the linnet on a tree,
And by it sits the little pee-wee,
Which builds its house under a cliff,
And daubs it well with mortar stiff.
The ostrich leaves her eggs in sand,
And comes to join the gathered band;

While crane and cuckoo come along,
And with them comes the condor strong.
There is flamingo, very long—
There thrush and lark, with merry song !
It makes the heart to throb to think
Of beauteous, black bobolink,
As he sits perched upon a reed,
And as the breezes bend the weed
His voice sends forth the sweetest notes!
The sound on gentle zephyr floats!
And while his notes he does prolong,
The mocking bird joins in his song.
And while their sweetest song is heard,
We see the little humming-bird
Flying among the lovely flowers,
Which cheer the place like summer showers !
Then there's the wren, so very small,
And lady-bird, the least of all.
The strutting peacock next we see,
As proud and vain as he can be.
Turkeys and geese, both wild and tame,
Guineas and chickens also came ;
Many ducks, both tame and wild,
And turtle-doves so gentle, mild,
Then there's the crow with his “caw, caw !”
Buzzard, raven, kite and macaw.
And Polly parrot next we see,
And hear her call aloud for tea.
But time would fail of all to tell,
Corncrake, coot, and dotterel,
And every other *avis rara*,

From penguin odd to sweet canary.
We turn our eyes toward the river,
And there we see full many a diver ;
Gayest of all the graceful swan,
The silver water gliding on !
With bosom fair and shape so neat,
She brings to mind a sailing fleet.
We also see, near the water,
The beaver, bull-frog, and the otter,
And all those of the amphibious kind
Which live by air and water combined.
And in the river all kinds of fish
That ever swam, or graced a dish ;
E'en the whale, who took a notion
Just for once to leave the ocean.
The shark and sculpin with him came,
And many more I cannot name.
Perch and trout are here at home,
And all the other fish have come,
Right glad to meet each bird and beast
Which oft on little fishes feast,
And know that none have raised the cry,
“ Can not attend,—some fish to fry ! ”
Now, reader, in imagination,
Behold a great conglomeration
Of all the flyers in the air,
And all the beasts of every lair,
And every fish of stream and sea,
Assembled in one company.
They now begin each other to view,
And old acquaintance to renew ;

The scene around they contemplate,
And some of them confabulate,—
They hear a splash in the water!
The parrot asks, “What’s the matter?”
The owl inquires, “Who, who? who, who?”
Just as a man comes into view.



Crossing the river, in a skiff,
From opposite side, by a cliff.
He walks among birds, beasts, and flowers,
As Adam walked in Eden’s bowers!
But his attire and style of dress
Are something changed, I must confess.
He wears a golden chain and locket;
And carries whisky in his pocket,
To keep off chilly air o’ nights,
Preventing ague and snake-bites,—
A little drop for stomach’s sake,
In case he gets the stomach-ache!

The monkey hails him with delight,
And bounds to him with footsteps light!
While ape and baboon both exclaim :
“ We welcome you, in Darwin’s name!
Sir, we must have a president,—
To fill the place will you consent?”
But he walks on with proud disdain,
Nor seems to hear sweet music’s strain,—
For all the birds, of every feather,
Begin at once and sing together,
And while they do their notes prolong
We catch the words of this their song:

“ Be kind to all you chance to meet,
Whether tortoise slow or reindeer fleet;
The horse and pony never beat,
Nor trample the glow-worm under your feet.

“ Be kind to the wombat and tapir so mild;
Be kind to the winsome jackdaw;
Be kind to the tiger, and don’t make him wild,
Or he’ll give you too much of his jaw.

“ Be kind to the oyster, ichneumón and snail;
Be kind to the brisk kangaroo;
Be kind to the leopard, don’t tread on his tail,
For he’ll spot you at once if you do.

“ Be kind to the gasterpod, gurnard, and rat;
Be kind to the *natix torquator*;
Be kind to the *rana palustris* and bat;
Be kind to the *tuberculator*.

“ Be kind to the bullfinch, the goat and the scape;

Be kind to the lesser pee-wit;

Be kind to the chaste odoriferous ape,

To the beaver, the perch, and tom-tit.

“ Be kind to the friendly and vigorous flea;

Be kind to the bold cockatoo;

Be kind to the pussy-cat, baa-lamb, and gee;

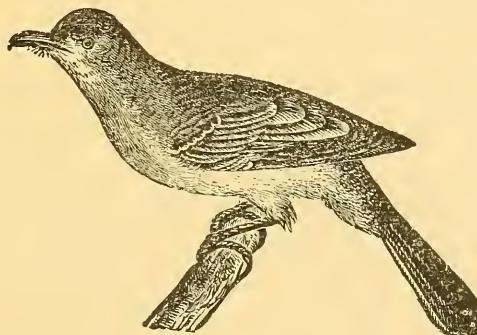
Be kind to the bow-wow and moo.

“ Be kind to the phascolome, yarrell, and bok;

To the boscowitch, guffin, and skoo;

Be kind to the screech-owl and bold prairie hawk,

To the wiffin, the smoke, and the spoo.”



When the singing was through

The man was still in plain view;

For on a high hill he had taken his seat;

And all the dogs followed and couched at his feet.

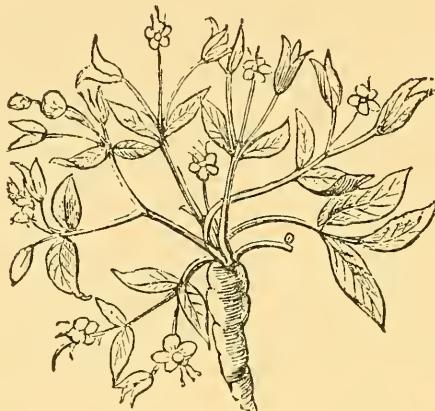
Silence awhile reigned around—

August stillness, deep, profound—

Such as stilled creative morn,

Ere living thing was made or born;

Or such as reigned in heaven's tower,
When silence ruled for half an hour.



The ass, at length, the silence broke,
And, as in Balaam's days, he spoke:
“I move the noble elephant
Be chosen as our president !”
But without his host he reckoned,
For failed his motion of a second ;
And then facetious grew the bear,
Saying such weight would mash the chair.
Then the elephant shook his trunk,
And answered with a little spunk :
“I certainly could *fill* the chair,
But Bruin it could better *bear* !”
John Donkey then, some fun to poke,
Said he meant his motion for a joke.
But Elephant had a witty head,
And answering back, he quickly said :

“ My ears, like yours, so small forsooth,
I fear I couldn’t hear well enough ! ”

“ Yes,” says John, “ your ears are so small,
I wonder you can hear at all ! ”

“ And just like yours, so very short ! ”
Was Elephant’s pithy, ready retort.

’Mid laughter loud and great commotion,
Elephant said, “ I make a motion ! ”

And reaching forth his trunk in haste,
He placed it round the lion’s waist,

Lifting him as high as a stack,
Seated him snugly on his back !

“ I second the motion,” the falcon said,
And dropped a laurel wreath on his head !

They chose the lion by acclamation,
And hearty cheers showed approbation !

The lion spoke with pleasant greeting,
Stating the object of the meeting :

“ All living things have met to-day,
From Elephant grand to peacock gay,

Upon this pleasant riverside,
A mooted question to decide.

A great dispute has arisen of late,
Among all of us who confabulate,

What brute on land, in air, or sea,
Shows the most savage cruelty ?

I trust we’ve made due preparation,
The question involves reputation.

Speak kind, but frank, each sentiment,
On justice, right, and truth intent.

Should any one your character portray,
Remember 'tis the order of the day.
I thank you for calling me to the chair
Adorned, as it is, with ivory fair !
If, in your wisdom, you should decide
The lion his trade most cruelly has plied,
I shall try to bear it patiently,
As this good elephant bears me.”

Then an old sheep, under the pretense
Of relieving the lion from suspense,
Moved that the lion *is* the most cruel,
And threw in the flame a few chunks of fuel.
The motion was seconded by Reynard Fox,
And feebly enforced by a lowing ox.
They voted it down with hisses and yells,
'Mid the jingling of all the cow bells.

Then turning attention toward the old fox,
The sheep espied in his teeth some locks,
Beautiful locks of very fine wool,
Which from a lamb he did lately pull.
Then he said, “My motion was hasty—
I see the fox is very tasty ;
He feeds so well on lambs and geese,
Ever ready to break the peace !
The lion is peaceful as the ox,
Compared with the mean and hateful fox.”
Said the goose, “ I second the motion.”
This raised a laugh and wild commotion,
For Reynard replied with great tirade:

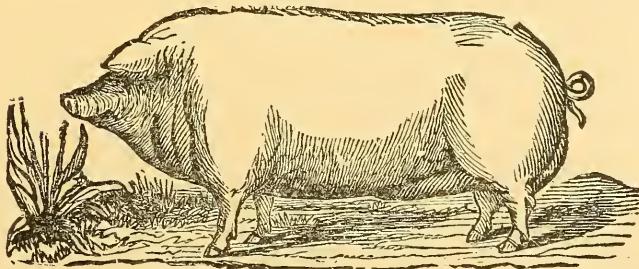
“ O, you *goose*, no motion was made ! ”
Then the *goose* *flew* into a passion,
And from the *fox* foreswore his ration.
Said she thought he was the most cruel,
And henceforth must live on mutton and gruel !
But the *sheep* were sadly dejected,
And by bleating loudly objected;
Said they knew the *fox* was a glutton,
And he must never more have any mutton.
“ Your position,” said a *pig*, “ is very well taken,
And I hope in the end he will lose his bacon.”
The *fox* was content with the promise of gruel,
For the sake of relief from the epithet “ cruel ! ”
And thus by his cunning,
And this little funning,
He defeated the intention
Of his foes in convention ;
And before they had time to make their motion,
Had kicked up a dust and raised a commotion.

Had snapping fice or growling bear
Been honored with a seat in chair,
They would have growled or snapped
Till their power had been sapped,
And with temper up and anger heating,
Would have lost, at last, control of the meeting.
But the *lion* sat calm and made no ado,
Till all of the sparring was about through,
Then said, with the dignity of two presidents,
“ Will you please observe order, ladies and
gents ? ”

Now fox had floor—or rather ground—
And called attention to the hound ;
Said he was the most cruel beast
That ever graced a chase or feast,
“And wishing my tribe to protect,
I make a move to that effect.”
Motion seconded by the deer,
But voted down with laugh and sneer.

Many offered mere suggestion
On the grave and mooted question,
Which of all, in air or sea,
Displays the most cruelty ?
Fly says, “ Sparrow is in that plight,
Because he swallows flies at sight.”
Sparrow said, “ To the hawk it must fall,
For he eats sparrows, feathers and all ! ”
And all the chickens in the crowd
Cried, “ You are right ! ” with voices loud.
Hawk said, “ The eagle, cruel thing,
Home to its young, hawks it does bring.”
Catfish and perch said to the hawk,
“ That, indeed, is sensible talk ! ”
Added the trout, “ I’m no well-wisher
Of that hateful bird called king-fisher ! ”
The subject was taken up right there,
By many of the birds of air,
And many things they had to say
Of eagles bald and eagles gray ;
That their speeches were one-sided.
The yeas and nays soon decided.

Some tad-poles suggested the shark,
And pictured him in colors dark.
Some fish said the alligator
Was the scaly cruel hater ;
But many others named the gar
As the most savage brute, by far.
Then they next arraigned the black bear,
And argued 'gainst him with some care.
The springing, screaming panther, too,
Very soon came under review.
The condor, then, and many more,
Were the meeting arraigned before.
But none of these would fill the bill,
As most savage, cruel and ill.
Then many bitter things were said
Of rattlesnake and copperhead ;
Things fierce, and even much madder,
Against the venomous stinging adder !
Some said the hyena was the worst,
And should by the meeting be accursed ;
While some endeavored flaws to pick
In animals deemed domestic.



Some went so far as to accuse the cat

Of pausing in prayer to catch a rat !
Not only so, but even the dog
Was duly arraigned by a hog,
Who caused the convention to hear
By squealing o'er the loss of an ear !
Among the many that are named,
And by some most loudly blamed,
There's none they can agree upon
And say, "At last we've found the one."

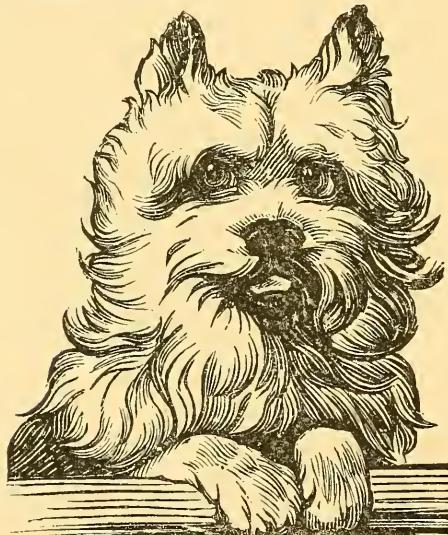
While they were making much ado
The owl awoke and asked, "Who ? who ?"
But they couldn't answer his query,
For they were still in a quandary.

Next a butting ram made a speech,
In which he did the wolf impeach,
And closed by making a motion,
In which he expressed his notion.
'Twas seconded by three or four,
And spoken on by many more.
They spoke in tones both loud and deep
Of his sad havoc with the sheep,
And many were the weeping dams
That loudly wailed the loss of lambs.
One speaker told of murdered swan,
And many a mangled, bloody fawn,
While with eloquence many others
Described the wretched state of mothers,
Who, with young children on their backs,
Had been pursued by wolfish packs,

And their children and their nieces
Murdered, mangled, torn to pieces!
Speeches mingled with sobs and tears;
That he'd "go up" the wolf had fears,
And tried at once to count the cost.
The vote was taken, and--just lost.

They have by this time considered near all
On whom suspicion would readily fall;
But ever since the question was raised,
One has wondered and stood amazed
That himself was not singled out,
And most savagely talked about.
He is not surprised when the bear
Points to the tiger, and says, "There!"
Bear has hardly made his motion,
When "Old Bruin, that's my notion!"
"And that is my opinion, too!"
Is spoken loud by not a few.
The tiger now is duly arraigned,
And many voices overstrained
With speeches for condemning him.
'Tis whispered round, "His chance is slim!"
And he thinks himself, with the rest,
'Tis not so very good at best.
Full many now philosophize,
And some of them phrenologize :
"His very looks prove him the meanest,
With sharpest teeth and eye the keenest!"
"If not of the most cruel race,
Why is it written on his face?"

“ We have his story, not in books,
 But in his bloody, cruel looks!”
 And many speeches of that kind
 Are wafted far upon the wind.
 The eagle now is ready to speak,
 Has raised her head and opened her beak;
 But, hark! hark! hark!
 The dogs do bark.



Men too often take position,
 Ere viewing well the situation.
 That man up there upon the hill
 Viewing the scenes sat very still;
 He thought him seated on a log,
 And so it seems thought every dog;
 But up he sprang with sad surprise,
 Opening wide his large gray eyes!
 A huge crocodile at his feet

Meanwhile had served him as a seat !
The crocodile began to crawl,
The man did run, and jump, and fall !
The monkey said, " Halloo, brother !
Lost your seat? Just get another !"
While " Halloo, halloo, what a muss !"
Exclaimed the hippopotamus.

When the man was seated again,
And the dogs at his feet had lain,
Lion whispered in Elephant's ear,—
But what he said I didn't hear ;
Elephant beckoned to him the hawk,
And had with him a little talk ;
Hawk flew away and spoke to Giraffe,
Who was heard to answer, " Yes, by half."
Then for a while he seemed to talk love
To that fine lady the carrier-dove,
Who sailed around 'mong camels and drome
daries,
And all o' the principal dignitaries ;
Including, of course, the eagle and whale,
Seeming to tell them a little tale.
Returning thence on graceful pinion,
Says to Giraffe, " Of same opinion !"
The hawk had been talking meanwhile
With Tiger, Bear, and Crocodile ;
And, of course, to every second,
Some one either winked or beckoned,
For Bruin's motion was withdrawn,
Though strongly urged by Elk and Swan.

Now Giraffe, with head so high,
Up toward the hill casts his eye ;
With throbbing heart and deep emotion,
Breaks the silence with this motion :
“ *Resolved*, Of all the things of life,
Engaged in earth’s devouring strife,
Man is the most cruel and unkind,
For war he makes on his own kind.”
Every fish of river and ocean
Forthwith said, “ I second the motion.”
The motion was seconded, too,
By Camel, Leopard and Cuckoo,
While Walrus, Turkey and Macaw,
Shouted aloud, “ Hurrah, hurrah !”
Then to the tiger they all gave ear,
While he spoke forth without any fear.
He seemed to speak with agitation,
As if impelled by aggravation.
Fiery sparks appeared to fly
From wicked, fierce, and cruel eye,
As he poured forth vindictive ire,
Freighted with imprecations dire !
He closed his fiery speech at last,
His eloquence being unsurpassed ;
But with those who think or reason,
His speech was something out of season ;
But still it had one grand effect—
It made his friends all stand erect !

Then spoke a monster crocodile :
“ Though I’ve been worshiped on the Nile

By those beings we call people,
Who changing since have reared a steeple,
Though predisposed in their favor,
Their cruel acts I do not savor."

A whaling speech was made by the whale,
While splashing water with his tail !
Do not remember how his speech ran,
But this he said, "*I can't swallow man.*"
Answered the horse with merry neigh :
" You swallowed one in Jonah's day !"
" Yes," he answered with a frown,
" But then, you know, he didn't stay down."

The eagle was heard with approbation,
While delivering a fine oration.
As o'er the crowd her keen eye glanced,
The vast assembly stood entranced!
Kindled then the imagination,
While she spoke of desolation—
The desolation caused by war,—
Where bloody men God's image mar.
She spoke of thousands mangled, dying
And of the wounded sobbing, crying!
And how she'd heard the cannon's thunder,
Filled with awe! and deepest wonder,
That man would ever leave the chase
To wage a war on his own race!

When the eagle had closed her beak,
No one seemed disposed to speak.

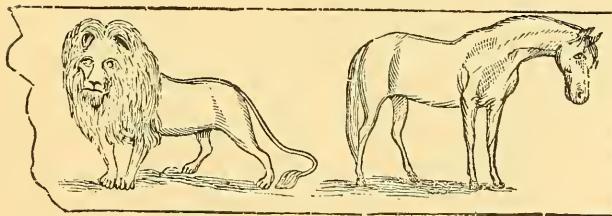
At length the parrot mounted the fence;
To originality made no pretence,
But spoke a piece without a falter,
Written by Scott, christened Walter:

“The hunting tribes of air and earth
Respect the brethren of their birth.
Nature, who loves the claim of kind,
Less cruel chase to each assigned.
The falcon poised on soaring wing,
Watches the wild duck by the spring;
The slow-hound wakes the fox’s lair;
The greyhound presses on the hare;
The eagle pounces on the lamb;
The wolf devours the fleecy dam;
Even Tiger fell, and sullen Bear,
Their likeness and their lineage spare.
Man only mars kind nature’s plan,
And turns the fierce pursuit on man;
Plying war’s desultory trade,
Incursion, flight and ambuscade,
Since Nimrod, Cush’s mighty son,
At first the bloody game begun.”

The chairman then sprang to his feet,
And asked the goat to take his seat.
The lion made a grand oration,
And was heard with admiration!
His voice through forest did resound,
As if an earthquake shook the ground!
Birds, beasts, and fishes heard with wonder,

As children awed by peals of thunaer!
 While he impressed with skill and power
 What had been said the previous hour.
 With eloquence adding thereto
 Many ideas bright and new:
 Spoke of children slain by mothers,
 Of brothers devouring brothers !
 Of Napoleons, Cæsars, Hannibals,
 And Afric's bloody cannibals !
 On closing his thrilling oration,
 He took his seat 'mid great ovation.

While silence reigned, and all was still,
 Parrot was sent to man on hill—
 And sent with proper courtesy,
 To know if he had aught to say—
 Any reply to what had been said.
 He answered “No !” shaking his head.



Roared the lion in thunder tones :
 “How often man his kin disowns !
 And now I cast it in his teeth,
 He readily will fight his kith ;
 But to defend or shield his race,
 He's very slow to leave his place !”

The man hearing, heaved a sigh,
But silent was in his reply.

Rejoiced they all, nor longer tarried ;
Vote being taken, the motion carried ;
Excepting two, all voted aye,
The owl did sleep, the horse said “neigh.”





PART II.

ANOTHER QUESTION.

 *EMBUS fugit*, the Latins said.

Seven long years have passed and fled,
Since all the birds and beasts of prey
Joined in the warbler's tuneful lay,
Assembled on the riverside,
The "mooted question" to decide.
Now blow the horns and beat the drums,

For, oh, another query comes !
Let lions roar and warblers sing,
The beasts and birds again to bring
To riverside and shady nook,
Where saengerfest they once partook,
And speeches loud and speeches long
Mingled with music, mirth and song !
The question then among the brutes,
Which caused such long and loud disputes,

What animal in air or sea
Displays the greatest cruelty?
The question now from north to south,
The question now in every mouth—
Question flying from east to west—
Which is kindest, which is best?

Behold the gathering aggregation!
Every tribe sends delegation!
Among the first upon the ground
The Terrapin and Sloth are found!
They started here seven years ago—
Arriving now by traveling slow.
And soon we see, upon a rail,
The quiet, gentle, creeping Snail,
Who started seven years before,
Just now arriving, travel sore!

The insects all are flying 'round,
And creepers crawling on the ground
The Locust, Beetle and the Bee,
Musquito, Hornet and the Flea!
The Horned-frog, the viper breed;
Tarantula and Centipede.

The swimmers, too, are gliding in,
Every brute of shell or fin—
Every fish of ocean and stream,
From Shark and Whale to Herring and Bream.

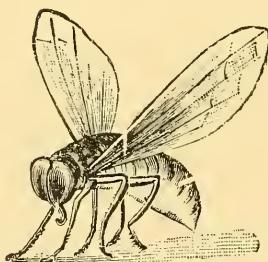
The beasts are coming two and two,
The Ibex, Zebra and Zebu;

Chinchilla, Chamois, and Gazelle;
(Almost as graceful as *la belle*,)
Hyena, Horse, Hedge-hog, and Hare;
Gorilla, Badger, Beaver, Bear;
Rhinoceros, Reindeer, Rat, Raccoon;
Camelopard (Giraffe), Baboon;
Opossum, Leopard, Lion, Dog;
Ichneumon, Weasel, Lynx, and Hog;
Elephant, Bison, Elk, and Gnu.
And others coming into view.

All of the fowls fly in with ease,
And perch themselves among the trees:
Apterix, Albatross, and Ank,
And Adjutant-bird, and Goshawk;
Bittern, Bee-eater, and Blue-jay;
Bulbul, Blackbird, and Osprey;
Corn-bunting, Crane, and Cockatoo;
Cormorant, Crow, Chat, and Cuckoo;
Canary, Dulin, Eagle, Gawk;
Ibis, Jar, Kestrel, and Lapwing;
Magpie, Ossifrage, and Starling;
Sandpiper, Sun-bird, and Pigeon;
Turtle-dove, Vulture, and Widgeon;
Flamingo, Wren, and Water-rail;
And, gallinaceous grouse or quail.
All the birds from here to yonder,
From Lady bird up to Condor!

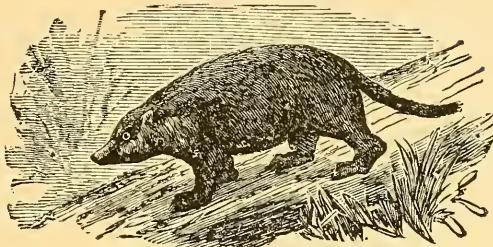
The last arriving is the bat,
Who comes in playing with the cat.

He has been boasting, by the way,
 As much in earnest as in play,
 It will be very hard to name him,
 As beasts and birds will want to claim him.
 But when arrived upon the ground,
 There is no claimant for him found.
 So, while the brutes are striking camp,
 The youngsters say they'll try the scamp.
 So, all the vermin gathering there,
 And calling Ermine to the chair,
 They sit in judgment on his case;
 But fail to find for him a place.
 The birds have choice, but fail to choose him ;
 And all the beasts and bugs refuse him.
 They all express their ardent wishes
 To turn him over to the fishes ;
 But fishes say, " It don't go down,
 And we will surely let him drown."



'Tis not an earth-quake shakes the ground !
 'Tis not a cyclone does resound !
 Gorilla's pounding with a mall,
 On hollow tree too strong to fall ;
 And Lion's roaring loud and long,

To call to order all the throng !



Securing order in the meeting,
 The Lion speaks with pleasant greeting :
 "Now seven years have passed away,
 Precisely—lacking just a day—
 Since we assembled on this spot,
 As well reported by the Scott,
 And settled then the great dispute,
 Which the cruelest savage brute ?
 To-morrow we must now decide,
 While in this pleasant place we bide,
 Which one the kindest we must call—
 Which one the noblest brute of all !
 It will the business expedite,
 If we begin our work to-night;
Ergo, I move that Grizzly Bear
 Temporarily fill the chair."
 Motion seconded by the Shark,
 And voted on before 'tis dark.
 While it is light, the Grizzly Bear
 Is duly carried to the chair—
 Escorted, rather, to a stone,
 Very large, resembling a throne.
 The Night-hawk, Bat, Owl, Cat and Cur,

Are made committee to confer
On permanent organization,
And name a chairman for that station.
Convention now adjourns till morning,
The setting sun the sky adorning !

While gloomy darkness settles down,
Belated traveler, from town,
Sends forth his voice both loud and clear!
And this, his song, falls on the ear:
“ When fancy plumes her airy wings,
And soars on high and sweetly sings,
The squalling muse begins to yell!
And I must take a singing spell.
Oh! then, I leave this world of matter,
Without a noise—without a clatter—
And rise above earth’s scene of woe,
To view the prozy world below ! ”
Before he gets entirely through,
The owl inquires, “ Who, who ? Who, who ? ”
The Nightingales join in his song,
And Whip-poor-wills the notes prolong.

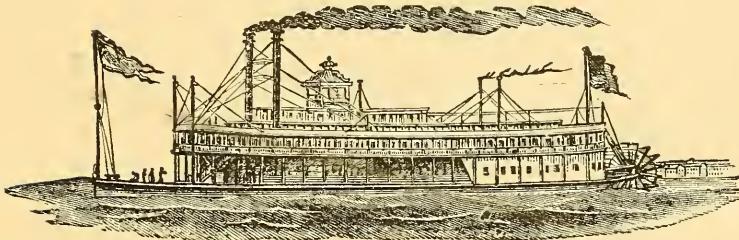
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The stars are twinkling in the sky,
The rising moon is climbing high !
The beasts and birds are gone to sleep.
The fishes rest in waters deep !

* * * * *

The crowing cock proclaims the day !
The eastern dawn is looking gray.
Ashore the sea-cow comes to graze.

The sun sends forth his faintest rays.
 The dew upon the grass does glisten !
 To music's lovely strains we listen—
 Enchanting notes through forest ringing—
 For all the birds are sweetly singing.



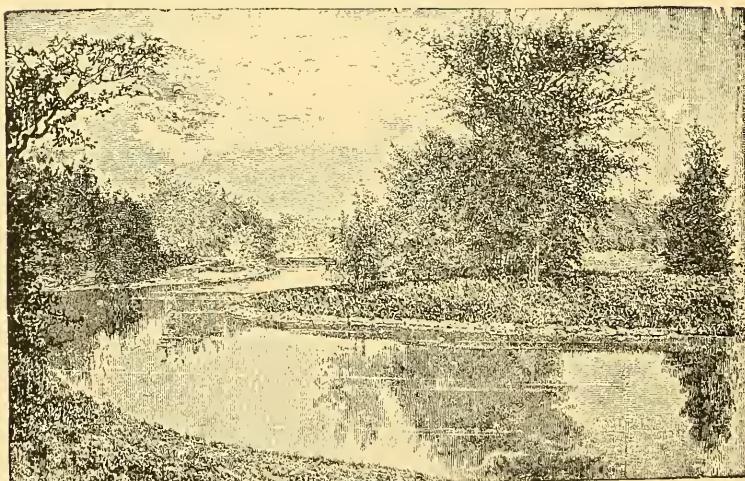
The rising sun floods fields with light !
 A puffing steamboat heaves in sight !
 As captivating as the fawn,
 She glides the river like the swan !
 The beasts and birds admire and wonder,
 And all the fishes they dive under.
 No passengers appear in sight,
 Perhaps retiring late last night.
 The skillful pilot's in his place,
 And pleasant smiles spread o'er his face,
 Because his wife is near his side,
 And only child,—its mother's pride!
 And as the steamer glides along,
 She sings aloud this cradle song :

“ Little birdie on the wing,
 Is learning how to fly.
 Little baby, sweetest thing!
 Oh, darling, don't you cry.

CHORUS :—Little birdie, he can sing:
 'Te-wit, te-wit, te-wee!
 Little baby, sweetest thing;
 Pe-wit, pe-wit, pe-wee!
 Little birdie on his feet
 Is learning how to run.
 Little baby is so sweet!
 Oh, darling, precious one.

CHORUS :—Little birdie, he can sing:
 Te-wit, te-wit, te-wee!
 Little baby, sweetest thing;
 Pe-wit, pe-wit, pe-wee!"

That vessel fine has now passed by,
 The stern-wheel throws the water high!
 The calliope is heard to play,
 And rainbow colors gild the spray.



The Pheasants now are heard to drum!
 The fishes to the surface come!

The Grizzly Bear is on his rock,
And beasts and birds around him flock!
And at committeemen they peep—
Though Owl and Bat are both asleep.
But Night-hawk, Bat and Common Cur,
Report committee all concur,
And recommend to fill the chair,
The noble Mastiff vice the Bear.
This motion is made by the Goat:
“Adopt report by rising vote !”
’Tis seconded by Crow and Whale,
And voted on, and does prevail!
So, thereupon, the Grizzly Bear
Right gracefully resigns the chair,
Escorting Mastiff to his seat—
A towering rock, we may repeat,
With mosses covered, green and soft,
And on it Mastiff stands aloft.
Then whispers a Flea in his ear:
“Deliver an oration, dear!”
But Mastiff speaks, with modest merit:
“The gift of speech I didn’t inherit.
I can’t deliver an oration
Well worthy of my elevation.
This nice rock—you’ve placed me on it.
This rock is here, and dog on it!
And though I think you acted blindly,
I wish to thank you very kindly!
I have not very much to say,
But ‘every dog has his day;’
On this occasion very fine,

It so turns out that I have mine.
The question was by Lion stated,
Which brute of all that ever mated,
From North to South, from East to West,
Is noblest, kindest and the best?"
His few remarks being complete,
He wags his tail, and takes his seat.

Convention now proceeds to work—
The Secretary-bird is clerk.
To act as "sergeant elegant,"
Appointed is the Elephant.
And pages chosen by their wish,
Are Adjutant and Flying-fish.

The Booby is the first to speak,
And of the Microbe he does squeak:
"The Microbe is a gentle beast,
That on the lungs of man does feast;
And kills the man, the greatest foe
Of all the birds and beasts below!"
"The Microbes," answers Razor-bill,
"Are small potatoes in the hill.
The Microbe is only a worm—
A tuberculous little germ."
And now speaks loud the Whip-poor-will:
"I think Mosquito *fills the bill!*
He sings around the bed at night,
And once in awhile takes a bite!
And certainly little Musquit
Was very useful to Baunscheidt,

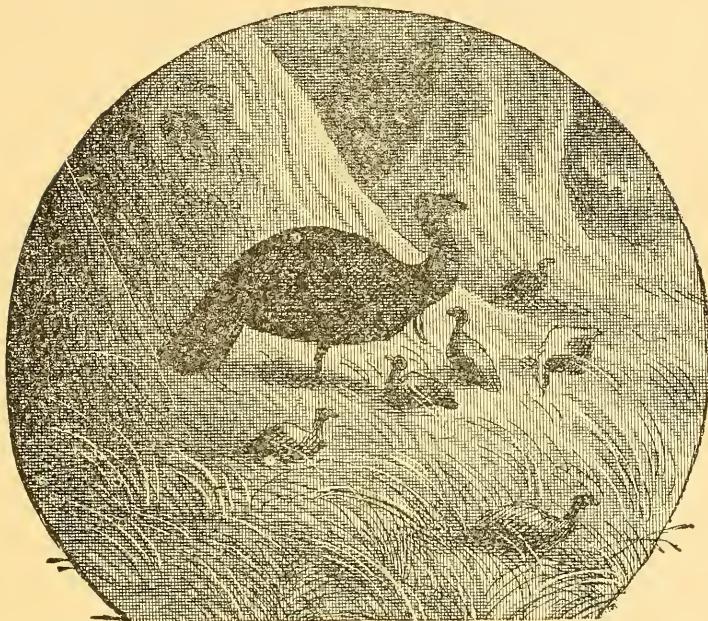
A noted doctor, advocater
Of instrument resuscitator.”
Replies the Ape: “Musquito’s bill,
We all admit, he well does fill;
For surely ’tis as clear as mud,
He fills his bill with human blood.”
Thus speaks aloud judicial Ermine:
“Let’s leave the insects and the vermin.”
The Owl awakes, and thus replies:
“The Ant consider, and be wise!”
Standing erect, the big Black Bear,
Thus addresses the dog on chair:
“Of all the insects on the wing,
The Honey-bee’s the sweetest thing.”
Answering him, the old Bee-eater:
“That is true, there’s nothing sweeter!”
But *Brown Bear* says, “I’ll risk the money,
The Bee is not as sweet as honey.”
And many beasts say many things
Concerning honey, wax and stings.
The Ostrich then opens his beak,
And spreading his wings, thus does speak:
“By this time all can plainly see,
The greatest *insect* is the Bee.
’Tis also plain, *in sect* so small,
We cannot find the best of all.”

On motion, made by the Otter,
The meeting takes to the water.
They fish among small-fry democracy,
And big-head Cod-fish aristocracy,

From Sea-cow, Crocodile and Whale,
To Tadpole, Trout and Wiggletail.
But none of these will fill the dish—
The worthy, noble one they wish.
'Tis suggested by Wanderoo,
That possibly the Whale might do;
"Because supplying bone and light,
To brace the belle and cheer the night."
To this the Crocodile replies:
"He does no good until he dies—
In which respect he's like the miser,
Who ought to be a little wiser."
And now they raise a great commotion
Concerning denizens of ocean—
And many scaly things are said,
From river mouth to fountain head.
One makes a pun *upon* the "cat,"
And *nine* of them take up the *bat*;
And many licks are struck all round,
Like striking licks on base-ball ground.
The umpire calling, "*Fowl* and out!"
They laugh aloud, with merry shout!

They turn attention to the fowls,
And talk of Eagles, Hawks and Owls,
And all the savage birds of prey,
Devouring game by night or day,
But none of these will fill the bill,
Though all the bill with flesh do fill.
The program now they slightly vary,
Attention giving to Canary;

And compliments they do prolong,
For all the warbling birds of song.



The Owl sits silent, looking wise;
And 'tis no matter for surprise,
That while the Eagle hides his claws,
The blackest Crow does plead his "*caws*,"
But, while the fowls are being tried,
The strutting Peacock shows his pride.
Mounting a log, he squeaks and gobbles!
Walking the log he struts and wabbles!
He spreads his tail like the bay-tree,
As if to say, just look at me!
A lordly step, and one proud jump,
The gaudy fowl is on the stump.
He makes three bows with graceful ease,

His gorgeous plumes spread to the breeze!
Then, waving thrice his plumage fair,
Does haughtily address the Chair:
“ Mr. Chairman, ladies and gents:
To visitors and residents—
To all the beasts, birds and fishes,
I wish to express my wishes—
[“ Don’t express them, send them by mail!”]
Exclaims aloud the bird Wag-tail.]
I think it our bounden duty,
To pay some regard to beauty,
Also to style and ornament,
[Applause, laughter and merriment]
Before deciding which is best,
From water, lair, or cosy nest.
I view the fowls with plumage gay—
The red and yellow, green and gray—
And rich, variegated hues—
Assured from the fowls you will choose.
Among all birds, the Oriental;
Among all fowls the Occidental—
Among them all your humble speaker
(As meek as Moses and some meeker)
Is by far the most ornamental!
Of all, foreign or residential!
I am most beautiful and gay!
I even ornament the day!
Consider the lily and me—
The Sparrow may fall from the tree—
But Solomon in all his glory,
The Solomon of ancient story,

Was not arrayed at all like me—
The Queen of Sheba came to see!
The lilies are not clothed like me;
Besides, I have a pedigree!
My ancestors, I've learned of late,
Were brought by Alexander Great,
From Persia into Greece and Rome,
And old England their future home;
The feasts of Scots they did adorn,
When bravest knights blew hunting horn!
And on account of elegance,
Shared best society in France!
And I myself, 'tis plain to see,
Share the best in Amerikee!
As I am the most ornamental,
And of origin Oriental—
And socially of high degree,
You should award the palm to me!"
The Peacock ceases—well he might—
His closing bow disgusts the sight!
They vote the noblest, kindest, best,
Was never hatched in any nest.

As soon as Peacock leaves the stump,
The long-tailed Monkey makes a jump--
Struts and wabbles along the log,
Bows and addresses the chairdog:
"If you wish beauty fair to see,
Open your eyes and look at me!
It was not my ancestors' fate
To be captured by Alek Great,

Nor do I boast of Greece and Rome,
 While thus I bow, and froth and foam;
 But my descent, for ages gone,
 Has been traced to a moneron!
 With Darwin I fully agree,
 For he himself claims kin with me!"
 'Tis evident to everyone,
 Of Peacock he is making fun!
 Order!" is called by Polar Bear—
 Point of order sustained by Chair.

The Fox is very sly and cunning,
 And while the Monkey is up funning,
 To Hare he winks, to Deer he beckons,
 Now one moves, and the other seconds:
 "Resolved, that 'tis hereby confest,
 The Lion is noblest and best!"
 To Fox, who arranged it before,
 Mover and second yield the fioor.
 Unless they choose a beast of prey,
 They fear the Hound might gain the day;
 If not the Hound, Bull-dog or Horse,
 Or some domestic brute, of course ;
 Regarding each and all of those
 Among their worst and strongest foes.
 Standing on elevated ground,
 The Fox delivers speech profound :
 "The mooted question in dispute,
 Is which the noblest and best *brute* ?
 If biggest *brute* we ever fnd,
 'Twill be among the *brutal* kind.

We left the insects, fowls and fishes,
Not finding one to meet our wishes.
Our choice to *beasts* is now confined,
Let us choose from *beastly* kind,
Carniv'rous beasts, or beasts of prey,
Assuredly must gain the day.

And king among the noble band,
Behold the roaring Lion grand !
Let no weak, chicken-hearted brute,
My arguments think to confute,
Because we're called upon to find,
Not only noblest but *most kind* !

Little minnows eat dainty dishes,
And big fishes eat little fishes ;
The little bird devours the fly,
Big birds and beasts devour small-fry.
It is the kindest act of all,
For larger brutes to slay the small !

For were it not for bloody rage,
Would linger all to helpless age ;
Or, did they not make rich repast,
Of sickness they would die at last !

Reflecting duly on mankind,
The consequences you can find :
In youth and manhood they are strong,
Then they get sick and linger long ;
Or, if they reach three-score and ten,
Infants they are regarded then.

They suffer long with pain or cough,
With none but quacks to help them off,
For, as it is with those of feather,

The Goose and Quack are found together !
Now we, by eating one another,
Do show the kindness of the brother,
And Lion kindest is of all—
Alike devouring large and small !
The wreath on him let us bestow !
Then in a hurry homeward go !”

When closes speech of Fox so sly,
A sturdy Gander makes reply :
“ I fear that this is all a ruse,
To kill the sheep and *cook the goose.*”
Replies the Fox, shaking his paw !
“ My meat, remember, I eat raw !”
And next we see a lop eared Hound
Spring upon the stump at a bound,
Address his brother in the chair,
And raise his nostrils high in air !
And then he says, “ I take my place,
To give the Fox a little chase !
And now, old Fox, I ask of you,
Your reasons being sound and true,
Why do you always run away,
As soon as Hounds begin to bay ?”
Replies the Fox, with ready wit :
“ That does not puzzle me a bit.
With my nature it does accord,
The greatest pleasure to afford ;
And in that case, my fellow brute,
The pleasure all lies in pursuit ;
For nothing so disgusts a Hound,

As for his game to stand his ground!"
The Hound admits it is that way—
He tucks his tail, and slinks away !

The motion is debated on,
In many speeches pro and con;
And is opposed by Whale and Eagle,
As well as Crocodile and Beagle.
At length the pages count the vote,
While Secretary makes a note—
They count up votes like counting cost—
The Chair announces, " Motion lost!"
The Elephant proclaims result,
While all domestic brutes exult !

And now the Hippopotamus
Does nominate the Kitty Puss!
'Tis thought by many on the ground,,
The *beau ideal* now is found.
"The Cat being a beast of prey,
And yet domestic brute," they say,
"Here is a chance to compromise ;
Let us embrace it and be wise."
Many things are said for the Cat,
And much against him by the Rat.
All that is said is very nice,
Except the words of Rats and Mice !
The Raven does espouse his cause,
And speak for him in studied clause.
And even the Owl and the Bat
Do speak in favor of the Cat.

'Tis thought the question is one-sided,
And very soon will be decided.

But mooted questions have two sides ;
And always will, while time abides.

Cock Robin presents his red breast,
And standing on a last year's nest,
He takes sides against the Kitty,
And speaks without fear or pity--
Tells of a Cat robbing a nest ;
And says he is not kindest, best ;

“Because he not only slays others,
But even, also, fights his brothers.”
Then points his moral in detail,
By thus adorning his cat tale :

“Two Cats in Killkenny
Thought there were too many ;
And feeling their might,
Went into a fight !

Because they were stout,
They did fight it out.

So at it they went,
On victory bent !
For glory or death,
Or loss of the breath.

Possession of claws
Considered good cause,
And mutual sneezing,
Sufficient reason.

Before the big fight,
They did please the sight,

With their fur so sleek
And their looks so meek.

When the gauntlet dropt
The fiend out-cropt !
With their hair upraised,
Like a child amazed
On seeing a ghost
Or a white guide-post.
One step and one jump,
And they're in a lump !
A scream and a scratch!
A pretty tight match!
Oh, joy to the mouse
That lives in that house!
A shriek and a cry,
And the fur does fly!
Tussle and scramble—
No pleasant gambol ;
For the teeth come out,
And off goes the snout!
Their heads go to pieces,
For the fight not ceases!
Their bodies and legs
Are all mashed like eggs!
And scattered around,
No more to be found ;
For deep flows the blood,
Resembling a flood,
On which the tails floating
Resemble flat-boating!

The rats all come out,
And raise a great shout!
And all looks nice,
To the little mice!"

Now stares the Owl with moon-like eyes,
And to Cock Robin thus replies:
"Who? who? Who, who can believe that
Dark catalogue about the Cat?
I doubt it forsooth!
I do doubt its truth--
The truth of this story,
So grim and so gory!
It never happened to the Cats
Who feast themselves upon the Rats,"
"Too prudent Puss for such a fuss!"
Exclaims the Hippopotamus.
Then sings aloud the little Chat:
"Any old Cat too wise for that!"

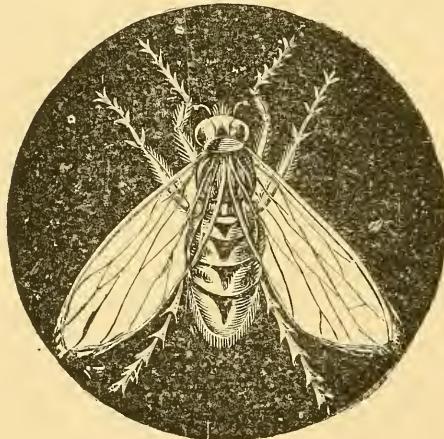
The Sparrow sits on swinging limb,
While making a speech against him;
"Thus oft I sit, and oft I sing!
But, oh! the Cat--deceitful thing--
The while I sing, pretends to pray;
But dines on bird, Thanksgiving day!"
The Parrot makes a speech for Cat,
While loudly cheered by Hawk and Bat!
Albatross Apterix, and Goat,
Now press the issue to a vote.
And when the votes are counted o'er,

'Tis found he lacks about three-score!



In making choice they use percision—
'Tis now high noon, and no decision.
The sun above is shining brightly!
The summer breeze is stirring lightly!
The Night-hawk sleeps upon a twig,
And many brutes do show fatigue!
To take recess, and one hour's rest;
Is now by all considered best.
On motion being made by Otter,

They now adjourn and take to water.
The Humming-birds, from flower to flower,
With busy Bees do spend the hour!
The night birds spend the hour in sleep!
Up with the rest, 'tis hard to keep:
Some spend the hour cooling by bathings,
Some spend the hour fooling with playthings,
Some spend the hour resting and drinking,
Some spend the hour musing and thinking.
Some use the time to talk and sing,
Some spend the time in caucusing!
'Tis thought the choice will fall on Horse;
If not the Horse, the Dog, of course.
That choice must be made from these two,
Has now become the settled view.
The friends of each electioneer,
While foes of both do snarl and sneer.
Themselves discussed by fin and feather,
The Horse and Dogs confer together!



'Tis passed away—the hour of noon!
'Tis passed away—and, oh, how soon!
All the brutes of fur and feather
Now begin to come together ;
The chairman (Mastiff) takes his seat,
The reassembling is complete.

The Eagle, standing on the log,
Speaks now, and nominates the Dog.
This is seconded by the Flea,
And loudly cheered by Bumble-bee !
He steps on stump and lifts his beak,
Continuing 'loud thus to speak :
“ Of all the creatures wearing hair,
The noblest beast now fills that chair !
The Hog exclaims, “ Oh, Eagle, hush ! ”
The Chair calls “ order ” with a blush !
The Eagle in fine platitude,
Praises the virtue gratitude !
Says in the Dog it does abound—
“ The gratitude not elsewhere found ! ”
Another grunt comes from the Hog !
The Fox, so shy, inquires, “ Which Dog ! ”
Eagle answers, “ Any good dog !
Any dog in the catalogue ! ”
“ *Dog-ologue !* ” sings aloud Tom-Tit,
Displaying quick and ready wit.
“ Accept the amendment, Eagle,
A dog for a cat ! ” says Beagle.
The chairman says to Elephant :
“ Enforce order, Mister Sergeant ! ”

Who, lifting Beagle with his trunk,
In the river throws him like a chunk !
The Eagle says, spreading his wings :

“The poet Goldsmith’s hermit sings :
‘And what is friendship but a name !
A charm that lulls to sleep—
A shade that follows wealth or fame,
And leaves the wretch to weep !’
But canine friendship is much more—
His master, Dog does love, adore !
Does he not guard him through the night,
And gladly hail him when ’tis light ?
And he protects the house by day,
And guards the children while at play.”
The speaker now rises in air,
And graceful, sails around the chair,
Continuing his able speech
With eagle scream and earnest screech !
Spreading his wings, also his claws,
Makes a sudden, eloquent pause !
Upward rising, higher and higher,
With burning words like flames of fire !
Alights at last on tall tree broken—
Then screams aloud: “Eagle has spoken !”

By a hop, a step and a jump,
The dignified Goat takes the stump.
He is sometimes a caper-cutter—
Real old-fashioned country butter !
But now his beard is long and gray,

He kindly gives us milk to-day—
Holding scales of judicial blindness,
He measures milk of goatly kindness :
“ Birds, fishes, beasts, and Sir President
Of the barnyard I am resident.
The Dog—our present nominee—
I often hear, and often see.
As a neighborly friendly Goat,
I could readily for him vote,
If I did not so plainly see
If on him we fail to agree,
We then must surely have recourse
To that good animal, the Horse.
’Tis very hard for me to say,
Which should be garlanded to-day
Did the decision turn on size,
The Horse would surely take the prize ;
But if courage were to decide,
Then the Dog on the Horse would ride !
But which is noblest, kindest, best,
Is hard to tell must be confessed !
I have heard men speak of this pair—
They treat the Horse with greater care ;
But ’tis with them dollars and cents,
The Horse will bring more pounds and pence.
But did not the Dog guard the stall,
The Horse might bring no price at all.
But while the Horse feeds in the stable,
The Dog eats food from off man’s table.
The Horse will carry man from danger,
The Dog will fight like Texas Ranger.

The Horse will fairly fly for him,
 The Dog will dearly die for him ;
 Horse harbors not revengeful spite,
 While Dog delights his foe to bite !
 While the Horse goes peaceful along ;
 And does never avenge a wrong —
 Except sometimes by kicking hindness,
 The Dog does never forget kindness !
 However, this question we may decide,
 By the decision I will abide !
 Gentle Horse and grateful Canine
 Shall ever be fast friends of mine.”

As soon as Goat steps to the ground,
 He is thus hailed by swift Greyhound ;
 “ To your last remark, I agree !
 We are *fast* friends — race-horse and me ! ”

Up from the river, through the air !
 On the wing addressing the Chair :
 Then the big stump alighting on,
 Behold the lovely, graceful Swan !
 The Swan, in tender accents sweet,
 Of noble canine traits does treat ;
 Ornamenting with anecdote,
 Of weariness the antidote.
 Tells that Dogs of San Bernard breed,
 To rescue strangers oft give heed —
 Travelers lost in drifting snow,
 Who cannot any further go !
 Speaks of shepherd dogs herding sheep ;

Of watch dogs guarding those who sleep ;
And of Newfoundlands which will ever,
To save a child, plunge into river !
And, loudly cheered by Doves and Swallows,
Concludes his handsome speech as follows :
“ There lived a man upon this river,
A man of means and gen’rous giver ;
His name, ’tis said, was Harry Hill.
He named his Dog Buffalo Bill.
This Dog, of pure Newfoundland breed
Would try to make a foeman bleed.
A merry lad did come along,
Singing defiantly a song.
The Newfoundland Canine rushes forth,
Growling all furious and wroth !
The lad, through fear, does shake and quiver,
And running, falls into the river.
Under he goes—head, heels and ears—
Enough, I think, to cool his fears.
The Dog, pursuing to the brink,
Makes not a single halt to think,
But soon is swimming on the wave
His object now the boy to save !
And both together soon they stand
In peace and safety on the land.”

‘A good speech on Dog,’ says the Quail ;
“ A dog on good speech,” says the Whale.
Flies to the water the graceful Swan ;
The vote is taken pro and con,
And all of the delegates vote,

Except the Chair and Billy Goat.
Pages count the votes as they fly;
Result announced—'tis just a tie !

“ The question is settled,” says the Goat,
“ For the Chair must now cast his vote.”
Those voting “ yea ” are very pleased !
Those voting “ nay ” are something teased !
The foes of the Dog now prepare
Blame to hurl at *the dog on chair* !
The Eagle a garland has made—
With fresh plucked flowers 'tis overlaid !
He will drop it on Mastiff’s head,
As soon as the vote “ aye ” is said;
But, while all look and listen, lo !
Mastiff votes an emphatic “ no ” !!

But Eagle lets the garland fall!
And beasts, birds, fishes, all,
From Rhinoceros down to Ferret,
Declare he’s worthy now to wear it.

But Mastiff declines it, of course,
And Camel nominates the Horse:
“ Of all animals great and small,
The Horse is noblest of them all!
They’ve all been brought under review,
Each being awarded his due ;
And you all I congratulate,
That now I speak to nominate
One we can all agree upon,

Before the passing day is gone !
I nominate the noble Horse,
Without compunction or remorse !
The Horse is gentle, good and mild—
If he's a gentle Horse, not wild.
The Horse is like the egg, 'tis spoken,
Cannot be used at all till broken.
The Horse is also like the tongue,
He's sometimes reckless while he's young.
When he's old, he's turned out to grass—
Another joke, but let it pass—;
But when the Horse is in his prime,
He does very well all the time.
He carries burdens on his back,
Just like his relative, the Jack.
But does he ever like him bray ?
To this he answers and says ' *neigh !*'
The reason I'm grave, understand
I was raised in the Holy Land.
I say nothing to cause a laugh,
For I was raised a solemn calf !
In the sleigh, the Horse wears the bell;
Hitched to a wagon, he works well.
On his back he carries his master,
In a buggy he travels faster.
The Horse, also, is very docile,
And he makes a beautiful profile.
There's nothing better as to force,
Unless it be a better horse.
There is no better beast at all !
The garland, crown, on him should fall."

Now many birds, and all the Beavers,
Are weaving bouquets like old Weavers,
Made of beautiful leaves and flowers !
On the choice to let fall in showers ;
But when the Camel's speech is done,
Behold, they give him more than one !
Cheer after cheer the beasts prolong,
And warblers cheer in sweetest song !

Speaks now the Horse, for the very first time !
And this, his noble sentiment and rhyme :
“ Mr. Chairman, beasts, insects, birds and fishes :
By your leave, I will now express my wishes.
I have listened, with interest profound,
To all that has been said upon this ground.
But if I kept you longer in suspense,
I would not show proverbial horse-sense.
I wish the nomination to decline,
In favor of MAN, that great friend of mine !
He is the highest of all creation !
I therefore place him in nomination.
I would not pluck one laurel from the brow,
Of any one considered before now !
They're all as good as they've a mind to be,
But they have not sufficient mind--nor me !
As Pope, the poet, very truly says,
Or sings, in one of his immortal lays :
‘Far as creation's ample range extends
The scale of sensual, mental powers ascends.
Mark how it mounts to man's imperial race
From the green myriads in the peopled grass :

What modes of sight betwixt each wide extreme—
The mole's dim curtain, and the lynx's beam.
Of smell, the headlong lioness between
And hound sagacious, on the tainted green.
Of hearing, from the life that fills the flood
To that which warbles through the vernal wood.
The spider's touch, how exquisitely fine,
Feels at each thread, and lives along the line.
To the nice bee, what sense so subtly true,
From pois'nous herbs extracts the healing dew ?
How instinct varies in the groveling swine,
Compared, half-reasoning Elephant, to thine.
'Twixt that and reason what a nice barrier,
Forever separate, yet forever near.'
Which the *noblest* creature ? we first inquire.
And before the Man, we must all retire !
The Man of all is the noblest creature,
Because the mind's an important feature.
Man is of all the rest a microcosm !
Yet between him and them there yawns a chasm !
In some things one, in all things none excel,
The work of art does of Man's greatness tell !
His achievements grand, placed on printed page,
Are thus preserved and read from age to age !
We next inquire which is *kindest* and best?
And here assuredly Man leads all the rest!
The noble Man is kindest of the kind,
Because he possesses a better mind.
Considering Man, we must view the pair—
Embracing Woman, beautiful and fair!
And Woman! good amiable Woman !

The crowning glory of species human!
 A mortal name more lovely none can know!
 Her gentle hand soothes every pain and woe!"

The Horse would continue longer,
 And his voice is growing stronger;
 But they cannot hear a clause,
 For the deafening applause!
 Cheer after cheer fills the air!
 And nice bouquets fresh and fair,
 Bonquets of sweetest scented flowers,
 Are now upon him rained in showers!
 Horse lies down as if in clover,
 Gaily rolling three times over!

Horse arises—shakes himself—
 Bird lights on him like an elf!
 'Tis the sweet Canary-bird,
 Loudly singing—hear his word:

* "Blessings on the man, the human!
 Canines guard himself and place!
 In the palace, cottage, hovel;
 And where'er he shows his face!
 Would that never storms assailed him!
 Rainbows ever gentle curled!
 For the hand that locks the stable
 Is the hand that moves the world.
 "Blessings on the head of woman!
 Children and Canaries cry,

* A parody on "the hand that rules the world."

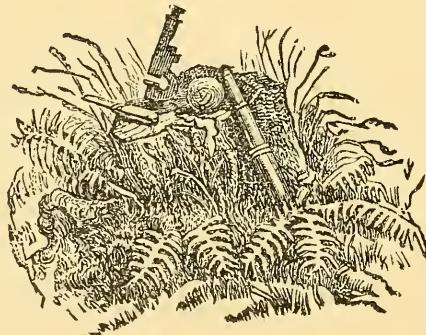
And the sweetly song is mingled
With the cookies and the pie!
Mingled while the twilight darkens,
Pussy lies on hearth-stone curled,
For the hand that sets the table
Is the hand that feeds the world.

“ Blessings on the infant fountain;
Power may with beauty flow;
Mother’s first to guide the streamlet;
From their souls unresting grow!
Grow on for good or evil—
Sunshine streamed or darkness hurled;
For the child that fills the cradle
Is the lad that rules the world.”

Elephant says ‘twere killing time
To further speak in prose or rhyme!
And adds ‘tis very plain that Man
Must now and ever lead the van!
And holding with his trunk the crown,
He says on Man it should fall down!
Then moves we choose the *genus homo*
As worthy garland, crown or chromo.
A hundred birds second his wishes,
And eighty beasts and forty fishes!

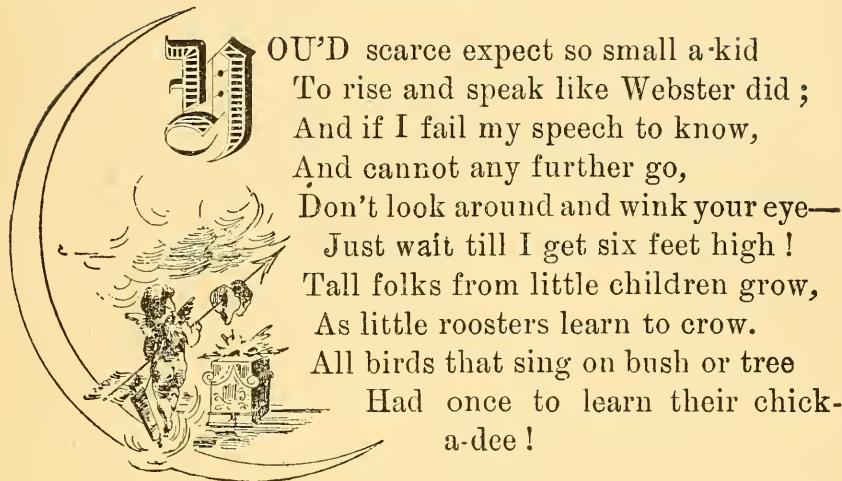
Chairman Mastiff puts the motion :
“ Let those who favor the notion—
That of all creatures east and west,
The Man is noblest, kindest, best—

Let all of those remain in sight!
All those opposed will take their flight.”
Fishes favor by rising vote,
And on the water’s surface float;
The pages look on ground and tree,
Counting everything they see;
Myriad creatures stay in sight,
Only eleven take their flight!
Secretary makes proclamation
“ Result of vote: by acclamation,
We have chosen the human pair—
The noble Man, and Woman fair.”
Behold another great surprise!
A hidden MAN throws off disguise :
At least he makes appearance now ;
And all the beasts before him bow !
The flying-fish bestows the crown !
On pleasant scene the sun goes down !
The birds all sing the grand eighth Psalm,
And settles down a holy calm.



FOR AN INFANT ORATOR.

*A PARODY.

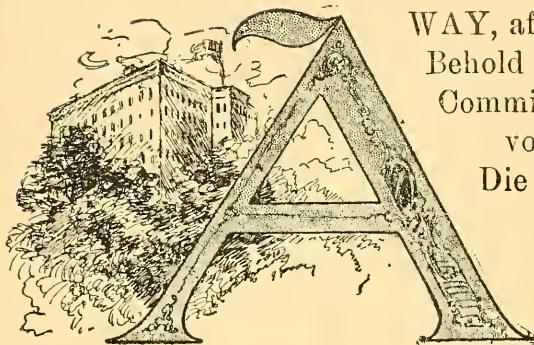


* Written for, and frequently spoken by, a three-year old, Henry Phipps Owen, son of a lawyer at Honey Grove, Texas. As first written, it commenced:

You'd scarce expect so small a lad
 To get up and speak like his dad.



ABC XTC.



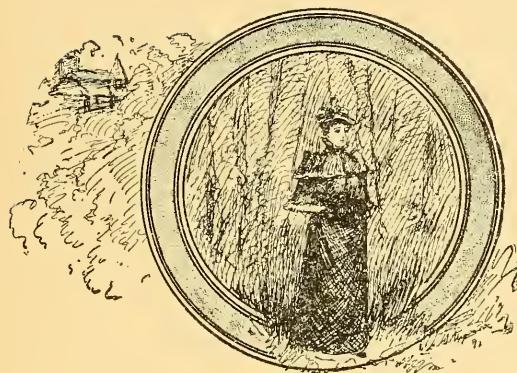
WAY, afar, above,
Behold bedazzling blue !
Commingling clouds con-
volve—
Die dreary dark days do.

Earth evergreens en-
robe,
Fine flowers, fresh-
ly fair,

Gaily greet gladsome globe,
Hailing holy heaven's heir.

Inhabitants invoke
Jehovah, Jesus, Jove !
Kneel knights, kings, khans, kinsfolk,
Lisping, "Lo, life, light, love !
Man's Maker manifold
Nightly nods nevermore !
Our orisons, of old
Pleasing, profusely pour !"
Quarrels quiet queens quell.
Regal righteousness reigns.
Sweetly solemn songs swell,
Thrilling the thundering trains !
Upward unto Uranus,
Vessels voyage vertex,
Waving wings with wariness—
Xanthic xylo, xebecs—
Yellow yachts yachting yon
Zincky zodiac's zone !

COURTING A STING.



NE morning at a
leisure hour,
I watched a kit, from
flower to flower,
Chasing a bumble-
bee.
The kit, so anxious
and so eager,
Like cunning fox, or
gold-dust digger,
I was amused to see.

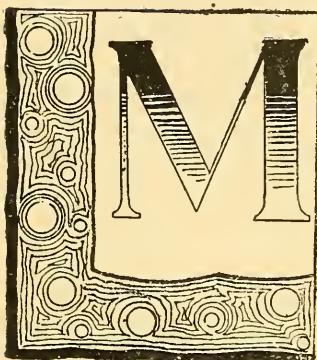
From flower to flower, from place to place,
The kit pursued with nimble pace
Not dreaming of the sting !
And did not call a halt to think,
Till insect soared as quick as wink
High on exultant wing.

I thought as I beheld this chase,
That kit is like the human race—
Our race so proud of heart;
They oft pursue imagined joy,
To find at last a sting to annoy,
With nought to ease the smart.

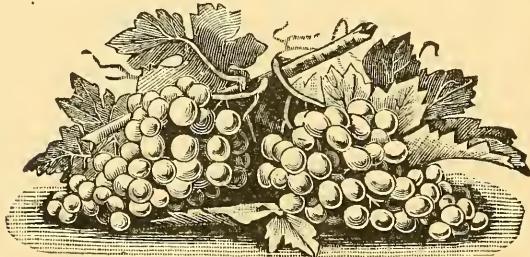


MAN'S MANY WANTS.

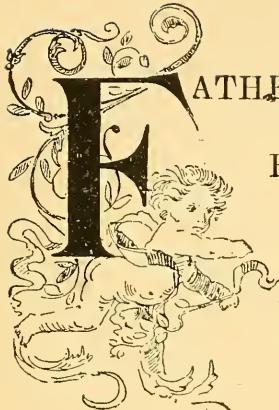
“ Man wants but little here below,
 Nor wants that little long.” — *Goldsmith*.



AN wants full many things below,
 His wants are quite a throng.
 Man wants his cigar here below,
 And wants that cigar long.
 Man wants his toddy here below,
 And wants that toddy strong.
 Man wants his sweetheart below,—
 Miss Annie Laura Long.
 Man wants some money here below,
 And wants it right or wrong.
 Man wants his debtors here below,—
 He wants to dun them strong.
 Man wants his creditors below,—
 He wants them to go 'long!
 Man wants his dinner here below,—
 He wants to hear the gong!
 Man wants all his wants supplied below,
 And that he may want long.
 Man wants amusement here below,
 And finds it in this song.



A PARODY.



FATHER Greeley, though well he wrote,
We ne'er shall see him more ;
He used to wear a long white coat,
Not buttoned up before.

His heart was open all the day,—
His printing office, too,—
He loved the boys that wore the gray,
And those that wore the blue.

Ever toward the voice of pain
His heart with pity turned ,
His old white hat had not a stain,—
The midnight oil he burned.

Kind words he ever had for all,
He knew no base design !
For President he ran one Fall,
The second on the line !

He lived in peace with all mankind—
The Gentile and the Jew—
When in the race was left behind,
He never changed his view.

But good old Greeley's now at rest,
His cause he left to Brown ;
His very good advice—“ Go West ! ”—
With Grant would not go down.

He modest merit sought to find,
And pay it its deserts ;

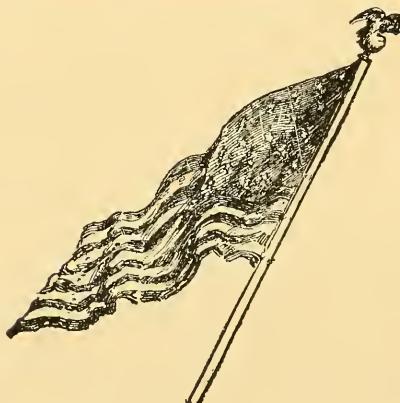
He loved all men of liberal mind,
And highly prized Carl Schurtz!

Those soldiers he did not abuse
Who dressed themselves in gray ;
To pardon foes did not refuse,
But chose the better way.

His wisdom to the public gaze
He ever brought to view,
And this he did in many ways,
As he was wont to do.

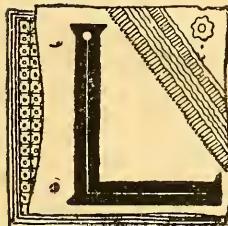
His worldly goods he never threw
In trust to fortune's chances,
But lived (as now his daughters do)
In easy circumstances.

Not much disturbed by anxious cares,
His noble race he ran,
And everybody now declares
“ He was an honest man ! ”



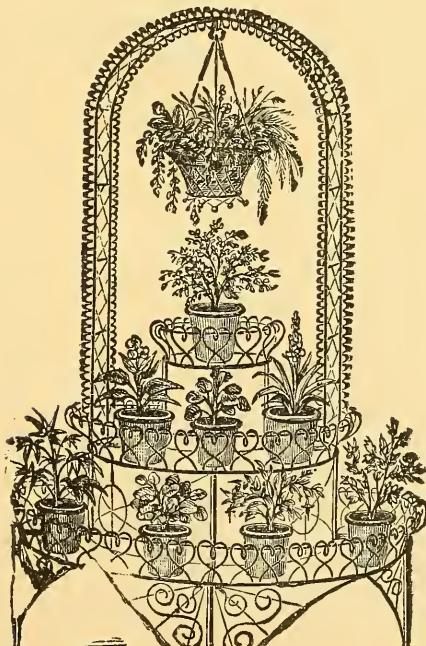
FLOWERS.

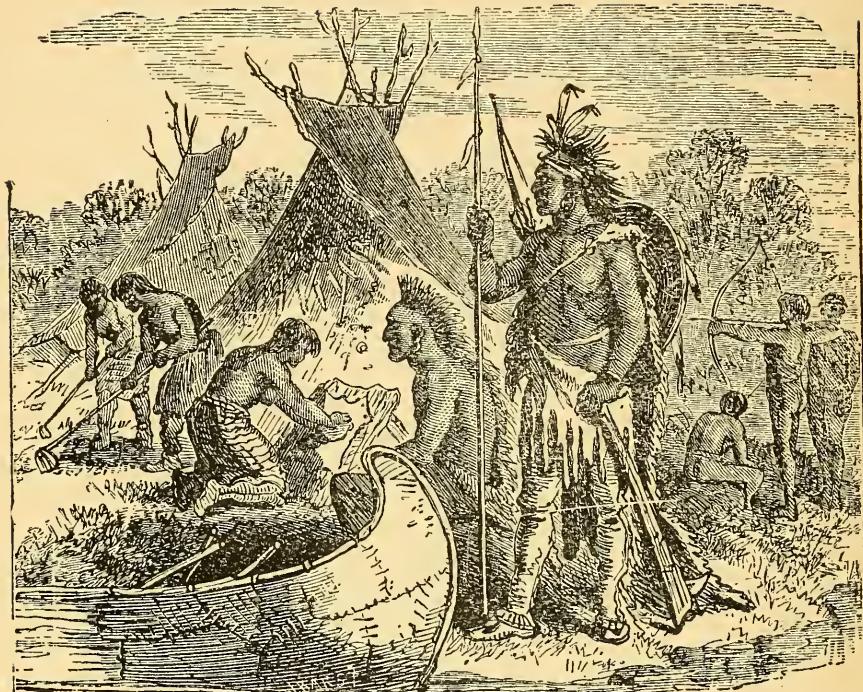
[Written upon the occasion of returning to his boarding-house and finding an elegant bouquet in his parlor, left by some young lady friends, during the author's absence.]



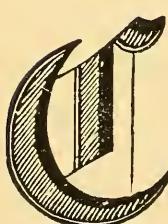
ADIES:—

Thanks for the nice bouquet
 Left in my parlor while away,—
 Its presence cheers my room !
 May flowers along life's path arise,
 (To gladden your soft sunny eyes !)
 Fragrant with rich perfume !
 When flowery paths on earth shall end,
 May you to Eden's bowers ascend,
 Where flowers forever bloom.





CHOCTAW HYMN.



HEHOWA holitopa, ma !
 Chesvs ma ! a Chesvs !
 Hatak yoshuba i kana,
 Chesvs ma ! a Chesvs !
 Yemmohmi pulla minti, ma !
 Chesvs ma ! a Chesvs !
 Hatak yoshuba i kana,
 Chesvs ma ! a Chesvs !
 Is si anuk fehinlashke !
 Chesvs ma ! a Chesvs !

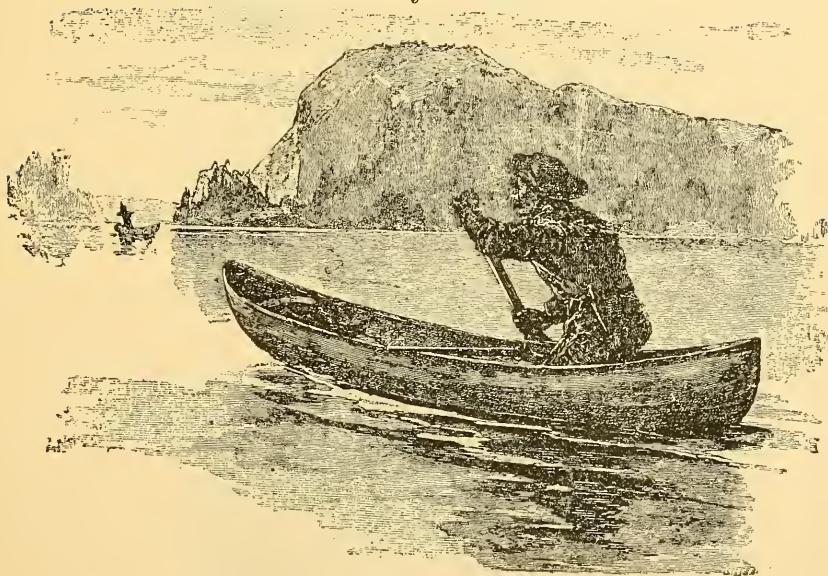
Hatak yoshuba i kana,
Chesvs ma ! a Chesvs !

TRANSLATION.

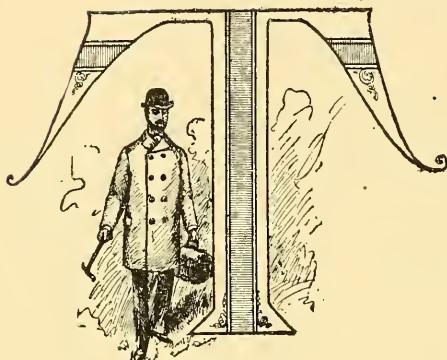
The Lord most holy is, oh !
Jesus, oh ! my Jesus !
Man is lost, but he's their friend,
Jesus, oh ! my Jesus !

Now, surely he will come, oh !
Jesus, oh ! my Jesus !
Man is lost, but he's their friend,
Jesus, oh ! my Jesus !

Thou of me keep thinking shalt !
Jesus, oh ! my Jesus !
Man is lost, but he's their friend,
Jesus, oh ! my Jesus !



THE WORLD'S REDEEMER.

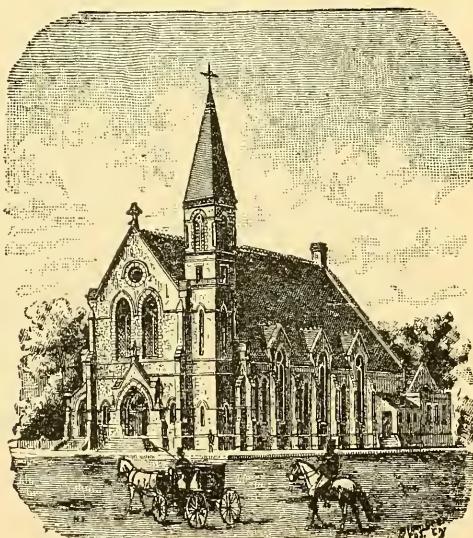


HE Hebrew prophets who,
of old,
In rapturous strains did
sing,
With countless sages,
seers untold,
Looked forward for their
King.

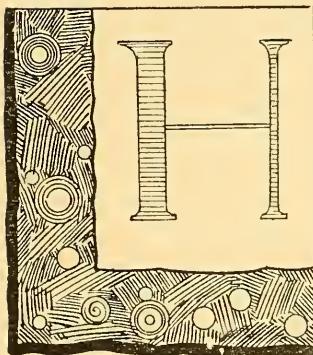
The nations all, with one
accord,

Were yearning for a “coming one,”
When Jesus Christ—the man, the Lord—
His royal race on earth begun.

And since his word he’s sent abroad,
Freighted with love and peace !
All aloud his name should laud,
And never more should cease.



THE POET'S SWEETEST THEME.



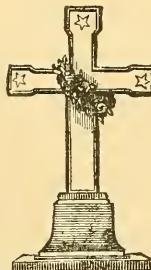
AD I of all the poets the power,
 Just for a day or for an hour,
 To skim their richest cream,
 One sweet poem I would indite,
 With soul sincere and heart con-
 trite,

Upon the highest theme !

I would not write
 Of angels bright;

Nor earthly things that please us ;
 But I would choose
 The sweetest Muse—
 I fain would write of Jesus !

With bliss and joy,
 Without alloy,
 I'd empty the heart's best treasure !
 Then sing what I wrote,
 In seraphic note,
 And with unceasing pleasure !



THE MARRIAGE SUPPER OF THE LAMB.

By referring to Rev. 19: 6-9, and 21: 18-21 the reader will be better prepared to understand the following poem:—

 HE Lord of life and light,
 The Lamb of God, the Saviour,
 In his great power and might
 Designs to show us favor !

He died to give us life ;
 A kingdom he hid rear ;
 He calls the church his wife,
 And tells her not to fear.

By his great love displayed !—
 Affection equalled never,
 Ties of mutual love were made—
 Such ties as nought can sever !

The bride in danger dire,
 And held in bondage dread,
 For her he left his sire,
 And suffered in her stead !

THE BRIDEGROOM.

Behold him as he's seen in heaven,
 Among the candlesticks of gold !
 A perfect number, that of seven,
 Most glorious to behold !

His form—how majestic and divine !
 His appearance—Oh, how grand !
 His countenance—Oh, how sublime !
 Around him the angels stand !

His eyes the windows of his soul,
With r fulgence brightly beam ;
Their sweet expression to behold,
Affords a heavenly gleam !

Of his bright face and glowing cheek
The angelic Muses sing.
And if his lovely lips but speak,
The heavens with music ring !

But what ! Would I describe the groom
Of heaven's great marriage feast ?
The world itself affords not room :
The loftiest muse the least.

My hand falls palsied by my side !
Or rather I fear it might—
The Muses turn me to the bride,
So beauteous to the sight.

THE BRIDE.

The lovely bride to meet the groom,
Now enters the king's highway ;
Bright as the sun ! fair as the moon !
Lovely as a morn in May !

She is arrayed in linen white,
Most beautiful to behold !
Purity of the saints in light,
Those walking the streets of gold.

Her voice is sweet, her look is tender,
Her form well pleasing to the sight ;
Like a city of golden splendor
Shining in heaven's clear light !

Like a high wall with gates of pearl,
 Built of very precious stones,—
 Jasper, sardius, sapphire, beryl,
 And others,—shining like thrones.

Behold her sweet angelic face !
 Her eyes like those of a dove !
 Every movement ease and grace !
 Each expression full of love !

Description to the lovely bride
 Can never full justice do ;
 Possessing grandeur without pride,—
 Patient, kind, obedient, true !

With all of the virtues adorned !
 In her all the graces meet ;
 Not one of Eden's flowers that bloomed
 Was ever so fair and sweet !

“As the marriage of the Lamb draws on,
 I hear a great and mighty voice”—
 Says the beloved apostle John—
 Saying, “ Let us be glad and rejoice !
 Alleluia ! to the great I Am !
 The Lord omnipotent does reign !
 Now has come the wedding of the Lamb ;
 The bride is here,—the groom the same.”

Says the writer of Revelation :
 “The Spirit and the bride say, Come !
 Let him who hears repeat the invitation;
 Bidding all a hearty welcome !”

“ Write,” a voice from heaven does say,—
Continues the beloved John,—
“ Thrice blessed indeed are all they
Who share this joy with Judah’s Lion !”

And after the command to write,
I see a blood-washed throng !
They’re all arrayed in robes of white,
Singing a triumphant song.

“ To him that loved the sons of men,
And washed us in his blood !
To him be all the praise—Amen !
And to his Father—God !”

Behold the blooming tree of life,
The flowing river clear !
Behold the bride—the Lamb’s dear wife—
The bridegroom standing near.

Jehovah, seated on his throne,
Utters the great decree,—
Let church triumphant and my Son
For aye united be !

Eternal joy and lasting peace
Reign in that happy home !
There perfect bliss can never cease,
And sorrow never come !

And now I raise my humble prayer,—
A prayer to great “ I Am,”—
May you and I at last meet there,
Rejoicing in the Lamb,

CANAAN'S LAND.

Tune—*Dixie.*

CROSS the vale, where flows the Jordan,
 To Canaan's Land, whence comes my pardon,
 Look away, look away,
 Look away, look away—

Across the vale, where flows the Jordan,
 To Canaan's Land, whence comes my pardon,
 Look away, look away,
 Look away, look away.

On Pisgah's heights I take my stand,
 Oh—oh ! Oh—oh !

On Pisgah's heights I take my stand !
 From Pisgah's heights I view that land,
 Away, away, away,
 Across the vale in Canaan.

My sins and crimes are all forgot !
 In Canaan's Land I'll find my lot !
 Look away, look away,
 Look away, look away.

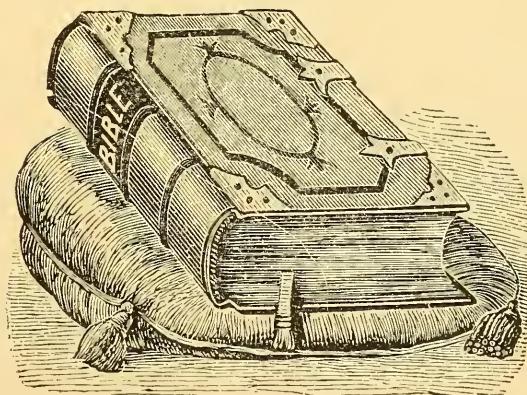
I hope to walk the golden street,
 My friends in Canaan I will meet !
 Look away, look away,
 Look away, look away.

On Pisgah's heights I take my stand,
 Oh—oh ! Oh—oh !
 On Pisgah's heights I take my stand !
 From Pisgah's heights I view that land !
 Away, away, away
 Across the vale in Canaan.

THE REASON WHY.



HE wisest man I ever knew
 Could never rise and fly ;
 The biggest fool I ever saw
 Had too much sense to try.
 The Word of God tells why we live,
 The Word tells why we die ;
 The Bible does the reason give,
 The only reason why.
 Just close this Book—and I maintain,
 That why we live or die ;
 The wisest man cannot explain,
 If fool enough to try.
 Satan himself can rise and soar,
 The angels all can fly ;
 The Devil on the earth may roar,
 The angels sing on high!
 But close this Book—and I maintain,
 That why we live or die,
 Satan himself cannot explain ;
 The angels will not try.



THE GAZETTE'S GIRLS.



O Hardin College,
In quest of knowledge,
Goes a bevy of girls so fair to see!
There's Minnie and Willie,
And Mattie and Sallie,
There's Maydelle and Carrie and
Minnie Lee.

To Hardin College,
In quest of knowledge,
Goes a bevy of girls so fair to see !
There is Pearl and Della,

There is Maud and Ella,
And Genevieve King and another three.

To Hardin College,
In quest of knowledge,
Goes a bevy of girls so very fine,
The Fort Worth *Gazette's*—
Its blondes and brunettes--
They number in all about twenty-nine.

Did the Lone Star State
Ever ship such freight ?
Such cotton, and daisies, and lilies so fair !
Did the Lone Star State
Ever ship such freight ?
With its pearls, and gems, and jewels so rare !
The girls of our land—
Young ladies so grand !
For them we will weave fair garlands to wear !

O, crown them with roses,
And lead them like Moses—
We bid them adieu, with blessing and prayer.



NOTE.—This, and the following poem, were published in the Fort Worth *Gazette*, at the close of the great scholarship contest during the summer of 1891. The *Gazette* offered prizes by which twelve young ladies (of Texas) each got a four years' scholarship in Hardin College, Mexico, Mo., as follows:

FORT WORTH.

Maydelle Drake, 251,896; Carrie Dickson, 225,642; Sallie Weltman, 77,727; Genevieve King, 21,381; Mattie Shaw, 20,685; Minnie Butts, 13,142.

THE STATE WINNERS.

Minnie Leatherwood, Decatur, 78,290; Willie Devall, Sulphur Springs, 64,604; Della Walker, Hillsboro, 49,414; Ella Lowry, Comanche, 41,770; Pearl Baily, Colorado City, 13,369; Maud Haggart, Dallas, 3,947.

The two young ladies, on both the above lists, receiving the highest number of votes, got their board, as well as tuition, free for four years. Three others were helped by their friends, and several got one-year scholarships and various presents; and several others went along paying their own way, till the number swelled to about thirty.

Miss Willie Devall, of Sulphur Springs, Hopkins County, was one of the fortunate ones who got four years' tuition and board, votes rolling in by thousands from Louisiana and the Indian Territory, as well as Texas. The young ladies all wrote the *Gazette* beautiful and appropriate letters of thanks. I insert Miss Willie's letter as a sample:

SULPHUR SPRINGS, TEX., Aug. 20, 1891.

To my Friends, one and all:

Could you look into my soul you would then realize with what a feeling of gratitude I attempt to thank you.

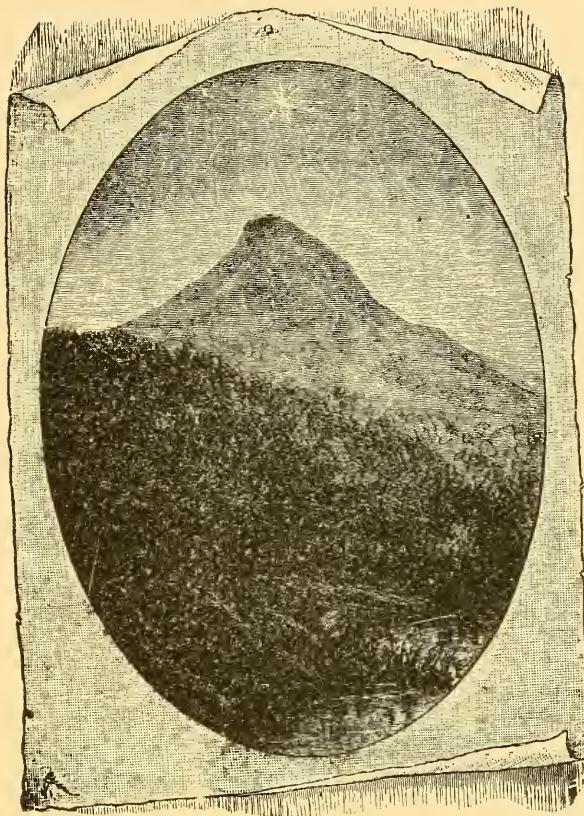
I can scarcely comprehend that my father's and mother's heart desire, and the one dream of my life, is about to be realized. But a few short days since I felt that I must ever drift with the monotonous tide of events, doomed to watch the flowers of hope that bloomed in the light of anticipation perish, and mingling with the shadows of disappointment, become as things that were.

And as I look far away into heaven's own blue, where we are taught is the home of the angels, my heart cries: "Mamma, papa, do you know—can you know—that your prayers are answered?"

To the many friends of my father and mother, and mine own, who have so brightened my life, I tender my life-long thanks; not thanks alone, but in my prayers you will ever be remembered.

Gratefully yours,

WILLIE DEVALL



THE TEXAS LILY.

LHE Lone Star* shines
Above the pines
For Willie, bright Willie,
Fair lily, white lily,
We call;

*Miss Devall's birthplace, then called Lone Star, now Mount Vernon. Also the emblem of Texas

AUGUST 20, 1891

Fair lily, white lily,
 Dear Willie, bright Willie
 Devall.

The birds were swinging
 And sweetly singing,
 “ O, Willie, bright Willie,
 Fair lily, white lily,
 We call;
 Fair lily, white lily.
 O, Willie, bright Willie
 Devall.”

“ Willie, now fix to go
 (Lily fair) to Mexico,
 O, Willie, bright Willie,
 Fair lily, white lily,
 We call;
 Fair lily, white lily,
 O, Willie, bright Willie
 Devall.”

They warbled their notes—
 We doubled our votes
 For Willie, bright Willie,
 Fair lily, white lily,
 We call;
 Fair lily, white lily,
 O, Willie, bright Willie
 Devall.

Noble Camp County
 Rolled in her bounty
 For Willie, bright Willie
 Fair lily, white lily,
 We call;
 Fair lily, white lily,
 O, Willie, bright Willie
 Devall.

Old Louisiana
Sang out hosanna!
For Willie, bright Willie,
Fair lily, white lily,
We call;
Fair lily, white lily,
O, Willie, bright Willie
Devall.

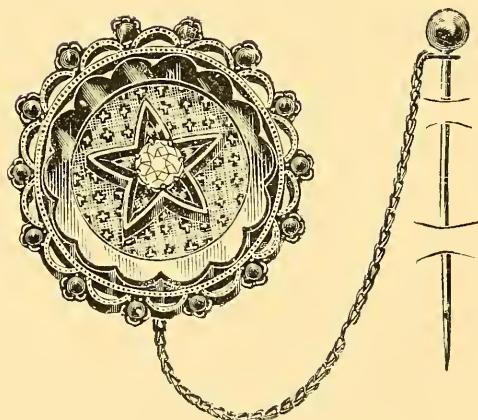
The red man's nation
Made demonstration
For Willie, bright Willie,
Fair lily, white lily,
We call;
Fair lily, white lily,
O, Willie, bright Willie
Devall.

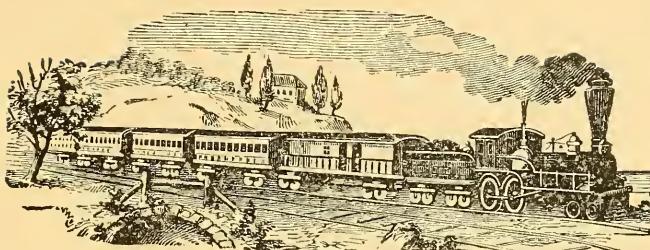
And Hondo City
Did very pretty
For Willie, bright Willie,
Fair lily, white lily,
We call;
Fair lily, white lily,
O, Willie, bright Willie
Devall.

She captured a prize—
It gladdened her eyes!
Our Willie, bright Willie,
Fair lily, white lily,
We call;
Fair lily, white lily,
O, Willie, bright Willie
Devall.

At Sulphur Springs
The welkin rings
For Willie, bright Willie,

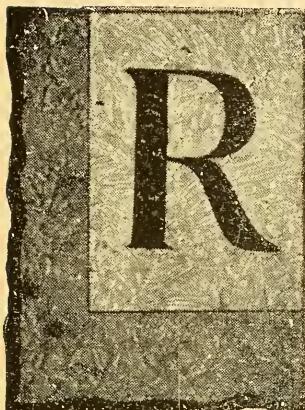
Fair lily, white lily,
We call,
Fair lily, white lily,
O, Willie, bright Willie
Devall.





TEXAS SCHOOL GIRLS.

*Tune.—“Sing Little Blue-Bird,
Sing.”*



ING, merry train bells, ring!
Our school girls homeward bring.
Let all the trainmen sing,
With old-time melody.
Tell us Maydelle comes again—
Fair young flowers greet her train
Homeward Maydelle comes again,
By railway, Santa Fe.

Chorus.—Sweet flowers and blue-bells spring,
Gay mocking-birds do sing!
The fair white waterlilies grow,
And roses blush where breezes blow!

Ring, merry fire bells, ring!
And joy and gladness bring.
Let all the firemen sing,
With old-time melody.
Tell us Carrie comes again—
Fair young flowers greet her train.
Homeward Carrie comes again,
By railway, T. & P.

Ring, merry stock bells, ring!
Rejoice the cattle king.
Let all the cow-boys sing,
 With old-time melody.
Tell us Minnie comes again—
Fair young flowers greet her train.
Homeward Minnie comes again,
 We call her Minnie Lee.

Ring, merry school bells, ring!
To the breeze our banner fling.
Let all the people sing,
 With old-time melody.
Tell us Willie comes again—
Fair young flowers greet her train.
Homeward Willie comes again,
 Her many friends to see.

Ring, merry inn bells, ring!
Rosin the bow and string.
Let all the drummers sing,
 With old-time melody.
Tell us Della comes again—
Fair young flowers greet her train.
She sings in sweet soprano strain,
 In gladness and in glee.

Ring, merry town bells, ring!
Welcome Genevieve King.
For Belle and Mary sing,
 With old-time melody.
Tell us Lottie comes again—
And Sallie in the train.

Jodie Panther comes again,
And Minnie Butts we see.

Ring, merry door bells, ring!
Welcome Lucillie King.
For Pearl and Bessie sing,
With old-time melody.

Tell us Mattie comes again—
And Nellie in the train.
Elenora comes again,
And Miss Iola Lee.

Ring, merry carp bells, ring!
Fishes to the surface bring.
For Sanie Turner sing,
With old-time melody.

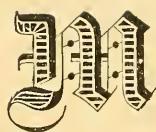
Tell us Ellen comes again—
And Eva in the train.
Rosa Mendel comes again,
And Rosa Hill we see.

Ring, merry hand bells, ring!
Oh, jingle-tingle-ling!
For Nannie Simmons sing,
With old-time melody.

Tell us Florence comes again—
And Lena in the train.
Ella Lowry comes again,
And Ella Rhome we see.

JUNE, 1892.

THE PRIZE PIANO.



USICIANS all,
Both great and small,
Now sing your sweet soprano!
Miss Jessie Wells—
The tidings tells—
Has won the prize-piano!

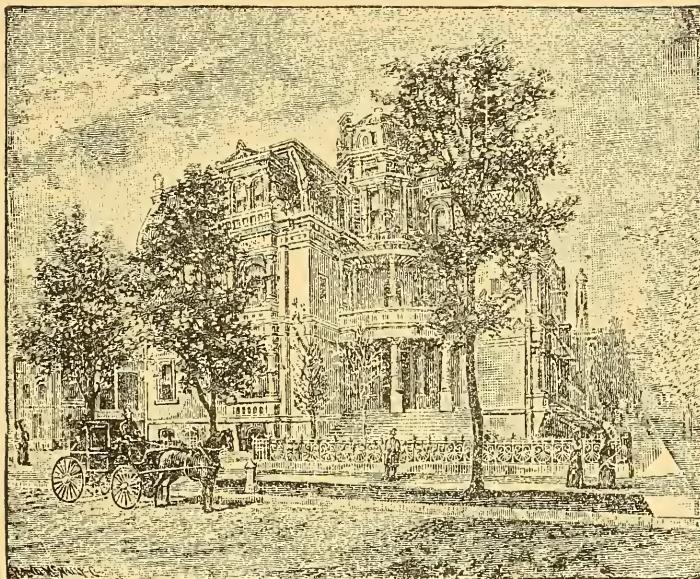
Chorus.—Sing, merry school girls, sing!
And make sweet music ring!
The prize-piano charms us so,
We give three cheers for Jessie, oh!

At Hardin College,
She gained her knowledge,
Of tenor and soprano.
At Mexico,
She studied so,
She won the prize-piano!

Some bang their hairs,
And put on airs,
And wear Dame Fashion's collars so,
But Jessie's eyes,
Seized on the prize,
Well worth a thousand dollars, oh!

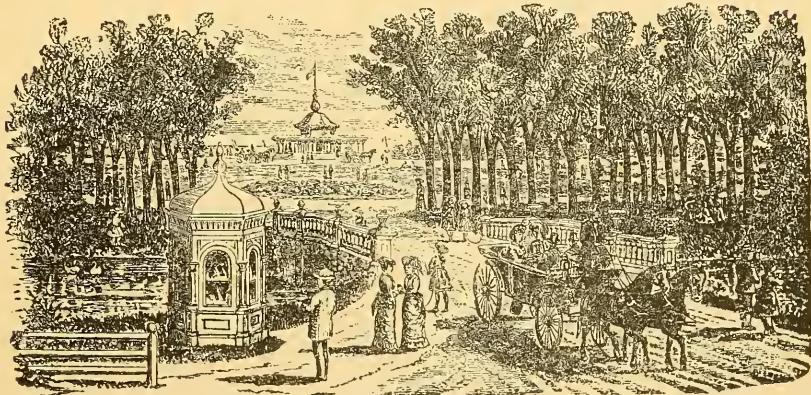
The muse now yells,
For Jessie Wells,
And all the college misses, oh!
For every lass,
The heart says mass,
And cupid throws sweet kisses, oh!

JUNE, 1892.



STANZA.

WEET blooming flowers in fields abound,
And blossoms on the trees!
The humming-birds are sailing round,
And buzzing bumble-bees!



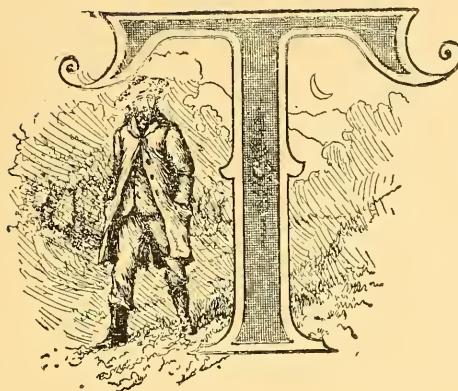
CHEAT RIVER.



WOULD sing of Monongahela,
 Flowing down through Monongalia;
 But Greer has sung in lofty strain,
 From here to there and back again;
 And Greer I cloudn't hope to beat,
 I therefore change, and sing of Cheat.
 Cheat river—deep, dark flowing
 stream,
 Clear as crystal! yet black doth seem.
 Cheat river rises in the mountains,
 Supplied by many streams and foun-
 tains.

When Noah lived on Ararat,
 Cheat river flowed—I'm sure of that!
 And I about half-way believe,
 It flowed when Adam courted Eve.
 But as the flood some changes wrought,
 To start with Shem—perhaps I ought.
 In that far distant ancient time,
 I will assure you in my rhyme,
 Old "Cheat" had no bad name like that,
 Which sounds so harsh, and falls so flat.
 The red men never called it Cheat,
 But modern white men deemed it meet.
 The red men called it—called it—no!
 The red men didn't call it, though;
 But such of them as ever knew it,
 Whene'r they wanted it, went to it!
 I'll have to quit at that, I s'pose,
 But rest assured old Cheat still flows !

SALT RIVER.



HERE is one stream,
In fancy's dream,
Which men sail up, and
never down!
A briny stream,
Where horrors
gleam,
And men upon it of re-
nown!

A sad surprise,
This stream did rise,
To men that first did see it flow!

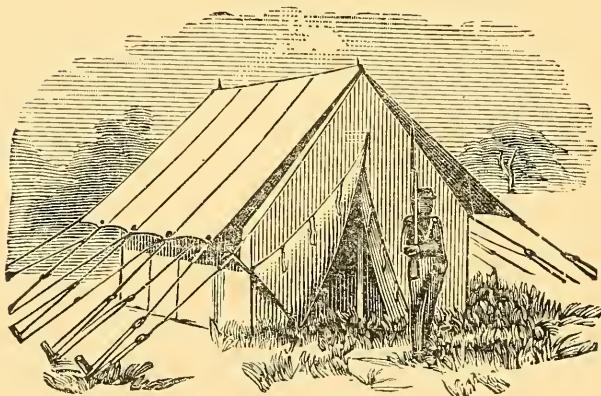
When in the dark,
They did embark,
Their vessels all did upward go!

They saw two eyes,
Of wondrous size,
Where Nature sheds her briny tears!

Two eyes that peep,
And ever weep,
And realized their greatest fears!

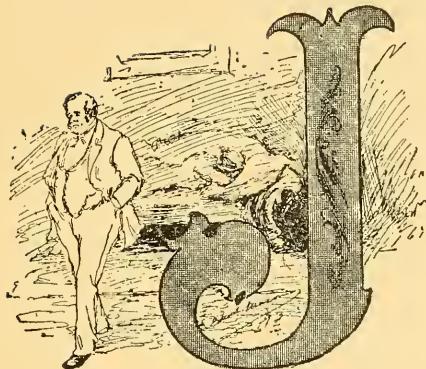
And all men shiver,
Who sail this river;
The temperature is zero!
Their bread is ice,
And snow 's their rice,
And even their *gas* does freeze so!

Here blasted hope,
And bubble soap,
They find where “nought” and “nowhere” blend!
To Nowhere brought,
They land at Nought,
And see the “Finis”—marked “the end!”



JOHNNIE'S PONY.

A PARODY.

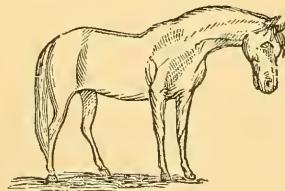


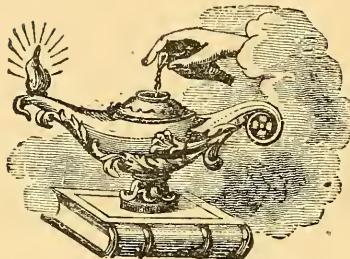
JOHNNIE had a little horse,
 With hair as white as
 snow;
 And every time that John-
 nie rode,
 That horse was sure to
 throw.
 He rode that horse to
 school one day,

But Johnnie played the fool;
 Because that pony ran away,
 And threw him in the pool!

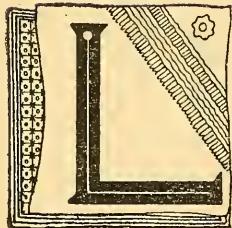
In haste the teacher dragged him out,
 While all the school drew near;
 And all the children raised a shout,
 When Johnnie did appear!

“Johnnie, what made that pony throw?”
 The other children cried;
 He answer gave, “I do not know!”
 And then his clothing dried.





LIGHT.



IGHT!
Light!
Starry light,
Cheering night.
Peeping,
Creeping,
Twinkling,
Sprinkling,
Glimmering,
Shimmering,
Light!
Light!
Light!
Lunar light,
Soft and bright.
Beamy,
Dreamy,
Yellow,
Mellow,
Glimmering,
Shimmering,
Light!

Light!
Light!
Solar light,
Dazzling sight!
Olden,
Golden,
Gleaming,
Streaming,
Glimmering,
Shimmering,
Light!

Light!
Light!
Candle light!
Lamp-wick light.
Shining,
Pining,
Wickering,
Flickering,
Glimmering,
Shimmering,
Light!

Light!
Light!
Gas-jet light,
Lamp-post light.
Brightly,
Sightly,
Beaming,
Gleaming,

Glimmering,
Shimmering,
Light !

Light !
Light !

Electric light,
Edison's light.

Burning,
Churning,
Glaring,
Flaring,
Glimmering,
Shimmering,
Light!

Light!
Light!
Mental light,
Gentle light.
Glowing,
Knowing,
Enlightening,
And brightening,
Glimmering,
Shimmering,
Light !

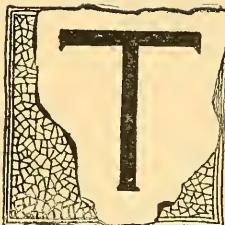
Light !
Light !
Moral light,
Inner light.
Bright,

Right,
Raising,
Blazing,
Glimmering,
Shimmering,
Light!

Light !
Light !
Religious light,
Glorious light.
Revealing,
Concealing,
Abiding,
And guiding,
Glimmering,
Shimmering,
Light!



HOSANNA.



HE angels sang hosanna!
 The angels sang hosanna!
 When Christ our Lord was born.
 The angels sang hosanna!
 And we will sing hosanna!
 We all will sing hosanna!
 To David's royal son.

Chorus.—Hosanna, oh, hosanna!
 To David's royal son!

The children sang hosanna!
 The children sang hosanna!
 To David's royal son!
 The children sang hosanna!
 And we will sing hosanna!
 We all will sing hosanna!
 To David's royal son.

CHORUS.

The Marys sang hosanna!
 The Marthas sang hosanna!
 On resurrection morn.
 The women sang hosanna!
 And we will sing hosanna!
 We all will sing hosanna!
 To David's royal son.

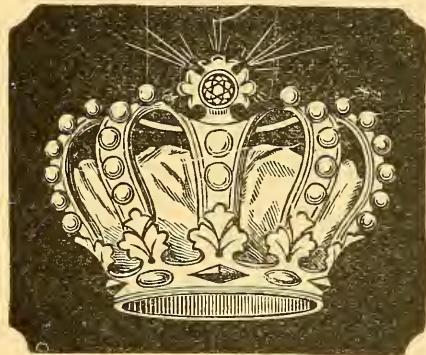
CHORUS.

The angels sang hosanna!
 The children sang hosanna!

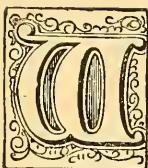
To David's royal son.
The women sang hosanna!
And we will sing hosanna!
We all will sing hosanna!
To David's royal son.

CHORUS.

Hosanna, oh, hosanna!
To David's royal son.



ELI, LAMA SABACTHANI.



HEN Jesus hung upon the tree,
And groaned, and bled, and died,
Through untold love for yon and me,
In agony he cried:

“*Eli, lama sabacthani!*” *

“My God, hast thou forsaken me ?”

The nails did pierce his hands and feet,

The thorns did pierce his brow;

His lovely voice, in accents sweet,

So sadly sounded now:

“*Eli, lama sabacthani!*”

“My God, hast thou forsaken me ?”

His pain and torture were complete,

And anguish knit his brow !

The blood did bathe his hands and feet,

His aching head did bow:

“*Eli, lama sabacthani!*”

“My God, hast thou forsaken me ?”

Thick darkness reigned, all round the place,

From six—the hour—till nine !

The noon-day sun had hid his face,

And did refuse to shine !

“*Eli, lama sabacthani!*”

“My God, hast thou forsaken me ?”

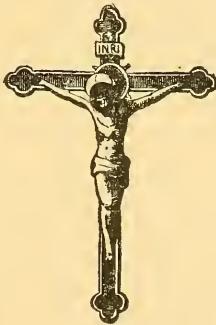
His body he resigned to death—

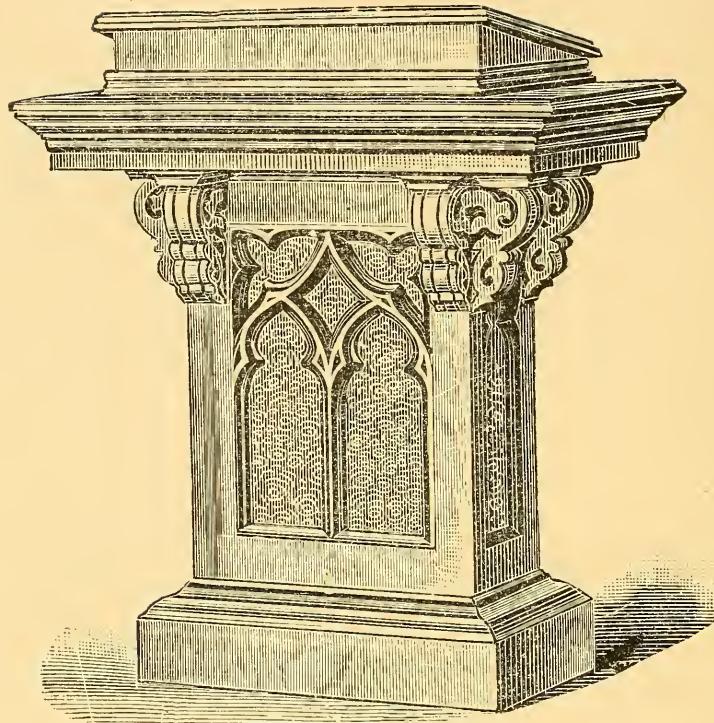
He felt affliction’s rod—

And with his last expiring breath,

* I abbreviate for the sake of the measure.

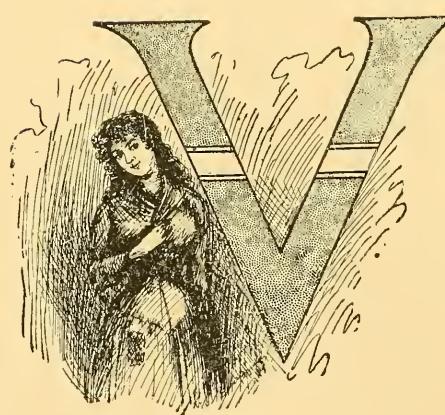
Resigned his soul to God:
“ *Eli, lama sabacthani!* ”
“ My God, hast thou forsaken me ? ”
The earth did quake, the rocks did rend—
All nature stood aghast!
That awful anguish had an end—
That piercing cry had passed.
“ *Eli, lama sabacthani!* ”
“ My God, hast thou forsaken me ? ”





THE GOSPEL TRIUMPHS!

A PARODY.



IE all ye noble Christian
bards,
Let harps and hearts be
strung,
To celebrate the gospel
pœan,
And let its praise be sung.
For stronger far than
hosts that march
With banners high un-
furled,

It goes with freedom, thought and truth,
To bless and save the world.

Old England sees its shining rays,
From Syria's surf-worn shore,
And Scotland hears it echoing far,
As Orkney's breaker's roar,
From Jura's crags and Mona's hills,
It floats on every gale
And warms with eloquence and song
The homes of Innisfail!

On many a ship and steamer's deck,
It scales the Atlantic's crest,
Seeking its peerless heritage--
The fresh and fruitful West.
It climbs New England's rocky steeps,
As victor mounts a throne;
Niagara hears its ringing voice,
Still stronger than its own.

It spreads where winter piles deep snows
On bleak Canadian plains,
Thence through Columbia's happy land,
Where civil freedom reigns,
To Florida's sweet orange groves
And Cuba's sunny isle,
Sounding where, gay with early flowers,
Green Texas' prairies smile.

It lives by clear, cold Huron's lake,
Missouri's turbid stream,
Where cedars wave on wild Ozark,

And Kansas waters gleam;
It tracks the loud, swift Oregon,
Through sunset valleys rolled,
And shines where California's brooks
Wash down their sands of gold.

It sounds in Borneo's camphor groves,
On seas of fierce Malay,
In fields that curb old Ganges' flood,
And towers of proud Bombay.
It wakes Jamaica's drowsy eyes,
Moves Zealand's lazy limbs,
The dark Liberian soothes her child
By humming gospel hymns !

It goes where Afric's southmost capes,
Meet oceans broad and blue,
And Nieuvald's rugged mountains gird
The wild and waste Karroo.
Tasmania's ebon sons are won,
By hearing Christians preach;
Australian men hear words of life
On Sidney's sheltered beach.

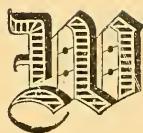
It kindles realms so far apart,
That, while its praise you sing,
These may be clad with autumn fruits
And *those* with flowers of spring;
It quickens lands where northern lights
Flame in an Arctic sky,
And lands on which the southern sun
Shines hot through summer dry.

It goes with all that seers foretold,
 And Israel' kings desired,
With all the twelve apostles taught,
 And also Paul inspired;
With David's deep and wondrous verse,
 And Isaiah's loftier mind,
With Moses' law—in force no more—
 Instructive to mankind.

Mark, as it spreads, how deserts bloom
 And error melts away,
As vanishes the mist of night
 Before the king of day!
But all its glorious victories,
 Whose monuments we see,
Are but the bright Aurora of
 The noontide yet to be.
Its glory is that “Golden Age”
 By good men long desired,
When spear shall change to pruning-hook,
 As saith the seer inspired;
When nation shall not lift a sword,
 Nor sound a hostile drum—
Millennial love and light shall shine,
 And Jesus shall have come!



PSALM 137 PARAPHRASED.



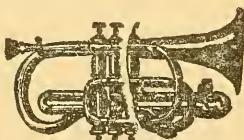
E hanged our harps on the weeping willows,
 Beside the flowing Babel billows,
 And falling tears soiled Jewish pillows,
 In distant Babylon.

Our merry captors asked a song—
 To tune our harps we all thought wrong—
 We sat and wept full loud and long,
 In distant Babylon.

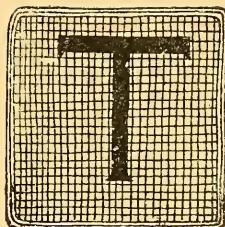
Our Zion's songs, at their commands,
 We could not sing in foreign lands.
 We sat and wept and wrung our hands,
 In distant Babylon.

Forget her cunning my right hand,
 If I forget my native land,
 Or fail to think on Salem grand,
 In distant Babylon.

Oh Lord, our God, give thy command,
 Jerusalem let safely stand,
 When falls and crumbles into sand,
 This cruel Babylon.



MARCHING HOME.



HE bells of heaven are ringing,*
 The choir of heaven is singing,
 The pearly gates are swinging,
 As we go marching home.

The light of heaven is shining,
 The shade of night's declining,
 The clouds have silver lining,
 As we go marching home.

The harps of heaven are playing,
 The heirs of heaven are praying,
 To God their homage paying,
 As we go marching home.

The songs of heaven we're singing,
 The garnered sheaves we're bringing,
 To Jesus' cross we're clinging,
 As we go marching home.

The silver is refining,
 The dross of earth declining,
 The golden ore we're mining,
 As we go marching home.

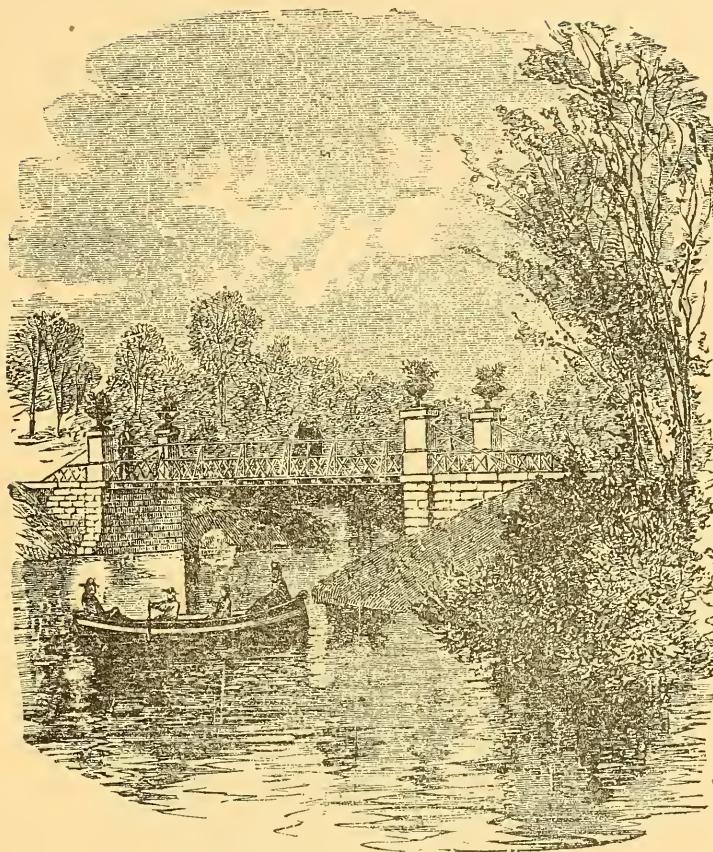
We long for heaven we're saying,
 On Christ our hopes we're staying,

*Note.—This poem, with a sketch of the author, was published in "Poets of America," and J. H. Fillmore set it to music and published part of it in "Gems and Jewels," by Fillmore Bros., Cincinnati, Ohio.

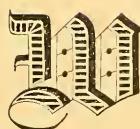
To God we're humbly praying,
As we go marching home.

Our souls in heaven we're saving,
In blood our robes we're laving,
The banners high are waving,
As we go marching home.





SAN MARCOS SPRING.



HEN first I saw San Marcos river,
So clear and fair to see,
I thought, with such a pleasure giver,
“ What must the fountain be?”

But when I journeyed to the spring,
And saw the fountain rise,

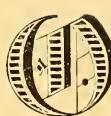
It did such lovely pleasure bring,
It thrilled me with surprise!
And while I gazed upon that spring,
Enraptured with delight,
The muse to heaven soared to sing,
And fancy took her flight.

I mused that heaven will far transcend
Our brightest earthly dream,
As this clear fount, where beauties blend,
So far excels the stream!



FAITH, HOPE, AND LOVE.

A PARODY.



N the mountain of vision, what a glory we behold!
 Two thousand years of warfare, fought so man-
 fully and bold,
 And the glorious time is coming which the prophets
 long foretold—
 For light is marching on.

Chorus.—Glory, glory, hallelujah!
 Glory, glory, hallelujah!
 Glory, glory, hallelujah!
 The light is marching on.

For the glory of the Master, martyrs died beyond
 the sea,
 And preached the great Salvation which delivers
 you and me,
 And a million voices shout it, “Redemption’s
 full and free!”
 For truth is marching on.

Chorus.—Glory, glory, hallelujah!
 Glory, glory, hallelujah!
 Glory, glory, hallelujah!
 The truth is marching on.

From the cabin on the prairie, from the vaulted
 city dome,
 From the dark and briny ocean, where our sailor
 brothers roam,

We hear the glad rejoicing, like a happy harvest home.

For faith is marching on.

Chorus.—Glory, glory, hallelujah!
Glory, glory, hallelujah!
Glory, glory, hallelujah!
For faith is marching on.

Two thousand years of marching, and “Faith, Hope, and Love,” our song,
The coming age approaches, and the time will not be long
Till Christ shall make his advent, and overthrow the wrong!
For hope is marching on.

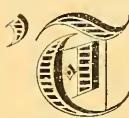
Chorus.—Glory, glory, halllenjah!
Glory, glory, hallelujah!
Glory, glory, hallelujah!
For hope is marching on.

And when the war is over, with the saints forevermore,
On the blissful heights of glory, we will shout the battle o'er,
And in the golden city we will live to die no more!
For love is marching on.

Chorus.—Glory, glory, hallelujah!
Glory, glory, hallelujah!
Glory, glory, hallelujah!
For love is marching on.

THE GOSPEL SOUND

Chorus.—

 IS sweet to hear the gospel sound,
 'Tis sweet to tell the story!
 And Jesus comes, with angels round,
 To bear us home to glory!

Hark, I hear the angels singing!
 Hark, I hear the music ringing!
 And soon I cease to roam.
 Lo, I see the Savior coming!
 Lo, I see the Savior coming!
 Lo, I see the Savior coming!
 He comes to take me home.

Chorus.—

Hark, I hear the angels singing!
 Hark, I hear the music ringing!
 And soon I cease to roam.
 Lo, I soon shall cease my roaming!
 Lo, I soon shall cease my roaming!
 Lo, I soon shall cease my roaming!
 For I am going home.

Chorus.—

Hark, I hear the angels singing!
 Hark, I hear the music ringing!
 And soon I cease to roam.
 Lo, I see the Jordan flowing!
 Lo, I see the Jordan flowing!
 Lo, I see the Jordan flowing!
 Across it is my home.

Chorus.—

Hark, I hear the angels singing!
Hark, I hear the music ringing!
And soon I cease to roam.
Lo, I see the portals shining!
Lo, I see the portals shining!
Lo, I see the portals shining!
Above them is my home.

Chorus.—

Hark, I hear the angels singing!
Hark, I hear the music ringing!
And soon I cease to roam.
Lo, I see fair Eden blooming!
Lo, I see fair Eden blooming!
Lo, I see fair Eden blooming!
And Eden is my home.



GRAVES IN WEST VIRGINIA.

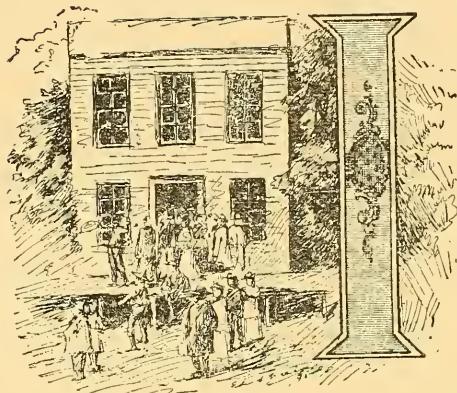
 N County Monongalia,
Where flows Monongahela,
Lie my parents dear in the grave.
They died in their prime,
They trusted in time,
In Jesus, the mighty to save.

In County Monongalia,
Where flows Monongahela,
Lies dear brother James in his grave.
He died in his youth,
He died in the truth,
In Jesus, the mighty to save.

In County Monongalia,
Where flows Monongahela,
Lies dear sister Ann in her grave.
She died in her bloom,
She sleeps in the tomb,
In Jesus, the mighty to save.

In County Monongalia,
Where flows Monongahela,
Lie my old time friends in the grave,
But I mourn in hope,
For the grave will ope,
Through Jesus, the mighty to save.

BALM IN GILEAD



N pain lies Christian on
his cot,
.With aching heart
and limb.

(Suffering long has been
his lot.)

His sister reads to
him :
'Is there no Balm in
Gilead ?'

And "Is there no Physician there ?"
'Grant us Balm o' Gilead !'
Is his mother's prayer --
"Soothing Balm o' Gilead !
Cordial for our care."

His frame is racked with misery ;
His nerves are twinged with pain ;
His soul is filled with agony,
And this his sad refrain :
"Is there no Balm in Gilead ?
Oh, is there no Physician there ?"
Echo answers, "Iliad,"
Echo answers, "air."
Answers faintly, "Iliad,"
Expiring on the air.

His father from his study comes
His hearing is not clear—
He raises to his head his thumbs,

And bends his ears to hear.

“ Is there no Balm in Gilead ?

Oh, is there no Physician there ? ”

“ Here is Homer’s Iliad—

Doctor, too, is near.”

Holding Homer’s Iliad,

He soils it with a tear.

The doctor comes and tests his lung,

And looks into his face.

He feels his pulse, and sees his tongue,

And hears his cry for grace:

“ Is there no Balm in Gilead ?

Oh, is there no Physician there ? ”

Doctor queries, “ Gilead ? ”

Doctor whispers, “ there ! ”

Musing, queries, “ Gilead ? ”

Wondering, whispers, “ there ! ”

The neighbors come—a solemn throng—

They tread with bated breath !

They feel as though they stand among

The chamber halls of death !

“ Is there no Balm in Gilead ?

Oh, is there no Physician there ? ”

Echo answers, “ Iliad . ”

Echo answers, “ air . ”

Answers faintly, “ Iliad . ”

Expiring on the air.

His loving sister sadly hears,

The tears are in her eye !

Brushing away the falling tears,

She turns again to cry!
 “ Is there no Balm in Gilead ?
 Oh, is there no Physician there ! ”

Echo answers, “ Iliad.” —

Echo answers, “ air.”

Answers faintly, “ Iliad,”

Expiring on the air.

His mother bends down o'er his bed,

And heaves a painful sigh !

She kisses thrice his lips so red,

And then begins to cry !

“ Is there no Balm in Gilead ?

Oh, is there there no Physician there ? ”

Echo answers, “ Iliad.”

Echo answers, “ air.”

Answers faintly, “ Iliad,”

Expiring on the air.

A light the young man’s face illumes !

And fires his failing eye !

Then, “ O, my friends, the Saviour comes ! ”

Is now his joyful cry :

“ There’s Balm,” he sings, in “ Gilead !

There is a great Physician there ! ”

Echo answers, “ Gilead ! ”

Echo answers, “ there ! ”

Answers sweetly, “ Gilead ! ”

Enchanting on the air !

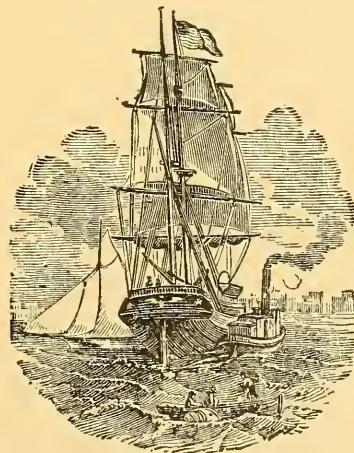
Then in the twinkling of an eye,

Son, mother, sister—three—

Are changed! and caught up in the sky,

The coming Lord to see!
Sweet Balm they find in Gilead!
And meet the Great Physician there!
Father drops the Iliad!
Doctor bows in prayer!
Neighbors whisper, "Gilead!"
And wail in deep despair:

"The Lord has come, and those are gone
To meet him in the air!
We're all too late! We are undone!
Oh, can we enter there?
Is there no Balm in Gilead?
Oh, is there no Physician there?"
Echo answers, "Iliad!"
Echo answers, "air!"
Answers sadly, "Iliad!"
And dies upon the air.



MORE BEYOND.

[On an arch spanning the Pillars of Hercules on the coins of Spain were the words “*ne plus ultra*,” no more beyond, that being the farthest point southwest on the continent of Europe; but when Columbus discovered America the first word was dropped off, making it read, “*plus ultra*,” more beyond. Explorers are still searching for the north pole.]



E plus ultra,” nought beyond,

Inscribed on coins of Spain.

‘*Summum bonum*,’ “tó kalón !” *

“Chief good !” the proud refrain.

Columbus sailed far beyond,

His vessel ploughed the main !

Another world here he found,

Beyond the coasts of Spain !

See “*plus ultra!*” more beyond,

Inscribed on coins of Spain.

Summum bonum is not found,

Explorers search in vain.

Adam lives in Eden’s bowers,

And Eve lives by his side,

Adam sings among the flowers,

And wishes nought beside:

* “*To Kalon*,” Greek, meaning “chief good;” or most beautiful.

Ne plus ultra! nought beyond,

In Eden we'll remain.

Summum bonum, Tó Kalón!

We'll never know a pain.

Adam sings in Eden's bowers,

And Eve sings by his side.

Adam loves amid the flowers,

He loves his gentle bride.

See *plus ultra!* more beyond,

And cease your glad refrain.

Summum bonum is not found

Explorers search in vain.

Noah lands on mountain top,

The flood has gone away!

Noah sings, "Right here we'll stop,

On vine-clad hills we'll stay!"

"*Ne plus ultra!* nought beyond.

Right here we will remain.

Summum bonum, Tó Kalón!

We'll never sail again."

Noah gathers vineyard crop,

And sips his wine by day!

Noah sings on mountain top,

His sons on harps do play.

See "*plus ultra!*" more beyond

The rainbow and the rain;

Summum bonum is not found,

Explorers search in vain.

Moses builds 'neath Sinai's top
 A holy, sacred fane;
 An **ohel* (tent) he rears up,
 And bleeding lambs are slain.

“ *Ne plus ultra!* nought beyond,
 The law is good for aye,
Summum bonum, Tó Kalón!
 If you would live obey!”

David builds another tent,
 And Solomon a house.

Jesus dies—the veil is rent—
 And rent is Jacob's house!

See “ *plus ultra!* ” more beyond
 The altar and the fane,
Summum bonum is not found,
 Explorers search in vain.

Jesus shines on Tabor mount,
 And prophets with him two.
 There apostles three we count,
 Who catch the heavenly view!

“ *Ne plus ultra!* nought beyond,
 Let us build here, we pray;
(Summum bonum, Tó Kalón!)
 Erect three tents and stay!”

Prophets vanish in a cloud,
 And Jesus shines alone!
 The Father's voice speaks aloud,
 “ Behold my pleasing Son!”

*A Hebrew word meaning tent.

See “*plus ultra!*” more beyond,
More work, more joy and pain;
Summum bonum is not found,
Explorers search in vain.

Jesus comes the second time,
The dead in Christ arise,
And upon the air do climb,
To meet him in the skies.

“*Ne plus ultra!* nought beyond,
Nor sin, nor grief, nor pain;
Summum bonum, Tó Kalón !
We rise to live and reign !”

A thousand years soon roll away,
And all the dead are raised,
The thousand years just count one day,
With God, whose name be praised.

See “*plus ultra!*” more beyond,
Inscribed on age of ages.
Summum bonum now is found!
But read on endless pages.

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